THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVI No. 261 DECEMBER, 1922

Portrait by Charlotte Fairchild

WILLETTE KERSHAW

An American girl who has met with enormous success in London during the past few seasons and who is at present starring in the highly popular "Decameron Nights" soon to be seen in this country

THE SOUTH WIND

A study of two Helen Moller dancers caught in a mood of extraordinary rhythm by the camera of G. Maillard Kesslere

THEATRE MAGAZINE

Edited by
ARTHUR HORNBLOW and
ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Jr.

Olla Podrida

Mendacious Theatrical Advertising

A WITNESS who has been caught in perjury while giving testimony is usually subjected to the unpleasant experience of hearing the Judge charge the jury that *all* the testimony given by him may be disregarded. On a similar principle the American public has come to disregard all the statements made by theatrical producers concerning the quality of the plays sent on the road and their cast. There has been for years too much *"Biggest Hit in Years"* and *"Original Broadway Company"* deception to make such statements credible to even the veriest yokel. The lying announcement has done more to kill the golden goose of road prosperity than any other single agent. The small-towner was good-natured about it long enough. But now, as a result, a genuine all-star cast would receive no more attention in White River Junction than a No. 5 troupe.

At Last
Chicago is to see the
"Revue Russe"
Which created an epochal furore in New York and comes to the
PLAYHOUSE
Monday Evening, Oct. 30th
The Original Cast—absolutely intact—including
Mme. Maria Kousnezoff
This is most unique and exotic offering which the Chicago stage has ever known.
Paris and London, as well as New York, were swept off their feet by the exquisite beauty and bizarre grotesquerie of the songs, dances, pantomimes, spectacles and strange interludes and episodes that make up the program of
THE RUSSIAN REVUE
Scenery and Costumes by LEON BAKST
Stage Director, Richard Boleslawsky
Formerly of the Art Theatre, Moscow
SEATS WEDNESDAY—MAIL ORDERS NOW

A false and misleading advertisement which appeared in the Chicago papers on Sunday, October 22nd. This type of "copy" has helped largely to kill road business.

But still the falsehoods continue and the theatrical business continues to lay itself open to the justifiable charge of filthy methods and a fraudulent, unreliable attitude toward the public that enables it to exist at all. On this page is reproduced a villainous piece of effrontery. A group of fairly talented Russians came to New York and gave an entertainment called the "Revue Russe." It had what is known in theatrical parlance as the coldest kind of *flop*. It ran two weeks and during that time reduced its charge for seats by almost one-half in a desperate and vain effort to procure the patronage that would not come. Its failure was doubtless partly due to the fact that there had come to New York before it a more capable Russian organization giving somewhat the same type of entertainment that had found prosperity and popular favor to an unheard-of degree. But failure it had—complete, immediate, devastating.

A week later we find the "Revue Russe" in Chicago. Instead of making a legitimate and clean play for favor "on its own," the advertisement inserted in the local papers, as shown here, not only is a glaring falsehood but indubitably attempts to convey an impression that the "Revue Russe" is that other organization that for nearly a year has held New York by storm.

This masterpiece of mendacity begins with an "AT LAST!" that is meant to imply that *finally* after all these long weary months of waiting until New York was through with it, Chicago was to be rewarded with a glimpse of this astounding troupe. "Which created an epochal furore in New York" is the next pleasantry. If a two weeks' run to empty seats is an epochal furore we cannot quite find the words that might be applied to some world-beater that ran a whole month.

The actor has stepped out of his mummer class. When is the manager to step out of the rascal class? The advance agent who thinks such tactics still fool anybody nowadays and times is not qualified to stay on his job. All it does is preserve endlessly the public's distrust of all theatrical announcement and its refusal to believe that any theatrical organization is much out of a class with fair fakers and carnival con men.

The man who wrote the "copy" on this page meant well. He believed that deception and fraud and falsehood were legitimately part and parcel of his stock-in-trade as a "booster" for his show. But his methods are antique, impotent, and inestimably dangerous. He and his kind should call a halt.

Who Are the American Playwrights—And Why?

A Discussion of the Personalities Who Create Our Native Drama

By SHELDON CHENEY

IN those columns of theatrical squibs and scraps through which our hurried newspapers still maintain a nodding acquaintanceship with drama, actors and dramatists, there recently appeared a three-line note more calculated to thrill the average struggling playwright than all the articles ever written on playmaking and "art" theatres. It read: "Avery Hopwood has already received $339,000 in royalties on 'The Bat,' and the end is far off." The playwright is human; and the chances are that he has starved his way through an apprentice period and perhaps far beyond the limits of any reasonable apprenticeship — and to such a one the thought of a third of a million dollars is likely to be not only thrilling but utterly staggering. A third of a million, and the end far off!

Good! It is right that in a commercially-regulated world playwriting should have its commercial advantages, and that the aspiring playwright should mull them over. The ultimate returns ought to be high because everywhere except at the ultimate point the returns are apt to be low and bitter and unthrilling. For in our theatre as it is organized there has been no reward, and indeed no place, for the moderate success, for the play that was good enough for a few weeks' run. The combined burden of inflated rentals, over-expensive advertising and speculative management has made the American theatre a best-seller theatre. Of course a best-seller theatre has its uses and its reasons for being. It produces clever entertainers like Avery Hopwood, and clever plays with racy or pretty humor, with intriguing sex glamor, with stirring crime interest. But it should not be all the theatre we have, or be confused with something else that doesn't always sell well but cuts deeper. And something that we are beginning to have.

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PROGRESS OF THE DOLLAR

ONE might wish that the newspapers would run a second little note, not so thrilling because it would lack the startling figures, but with a trenchant truth in it. Like this: "After working ten years or so in experimental playwriting, during which time he refused to compromise with best-seller methods, Eugene O'Neill now finds himself universally acclaimed as the foremost American dramatist, and in possession of a comfortable income." Such a notice might not thrill so many strugglers—because, as I have hinted, the average playwright is human, and therefore in a commercial world not a little commercial—but in more thoughtful moments one must see that the statement is more significant, more eloquent of a coming thoroughly progressive theatre than is the Hopwood item. And in its cheering suggestion of combined artistic and moderate financial success it might give heart to a lot of the people important to tomorrow's stage. That many of them have been given heart by some such idea, that they have refused to curb their talents for popular considerations, is becoming clear.

The which has something of statistical evidence by way of background. For I have been counting up the American playwrights; and not only is that modicum of work called variously the drama that counts, the newer drama or the highbrow drama, being turned out by the starvation-group of yesterday, but these people, and not the pot-boiler-best-seller dramatists, are dominating the theatre as an institution. Not only are they being talked about by college professors and drama study circles, but they are being sought after by the Broadway producers. Out of it all, moreover, emerges the fact that the dominating group is a *young* group, a new generation with its best work ahead of it.

Who are the American playwrights? Well, chiefly they are Eugene O'Neill. O'Neill is the one figure of international importance now producing regularly for the larger theatre that caters to the larger public. Perhaps there are "one-play" dramatists who have touched his level once; but there is no one to approach the solid achievement of "Anna Christie," "Emperor Jones," "Beyond the Horizon," and "The "Hairy Ape"—let alone "Dif'rent" and the one-acts. Literary distinction, sincerity, the power to discriminate between real life dramatized and cardboard theatrical life re-arranged, these all are his. He has also imagination of a certain realistic sort. One does not expect fantasy from him: it probably isn't in his make-up. But there were distinct lyric beauties in bits of "Beyond the Horizon," "Emperor Jones" and, curiously enough, in "The Hairy Ape." And those on the inside say that "The Fountain," which Arthur Hopkins will produce this season, is shot through with idealism and poetry.

Here, then, is our one American playwright who can be named in the same list with the leading figures in the other arts: with such fiction writers, for instance, as Edith Wharton, James Branch Cabell, Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson.

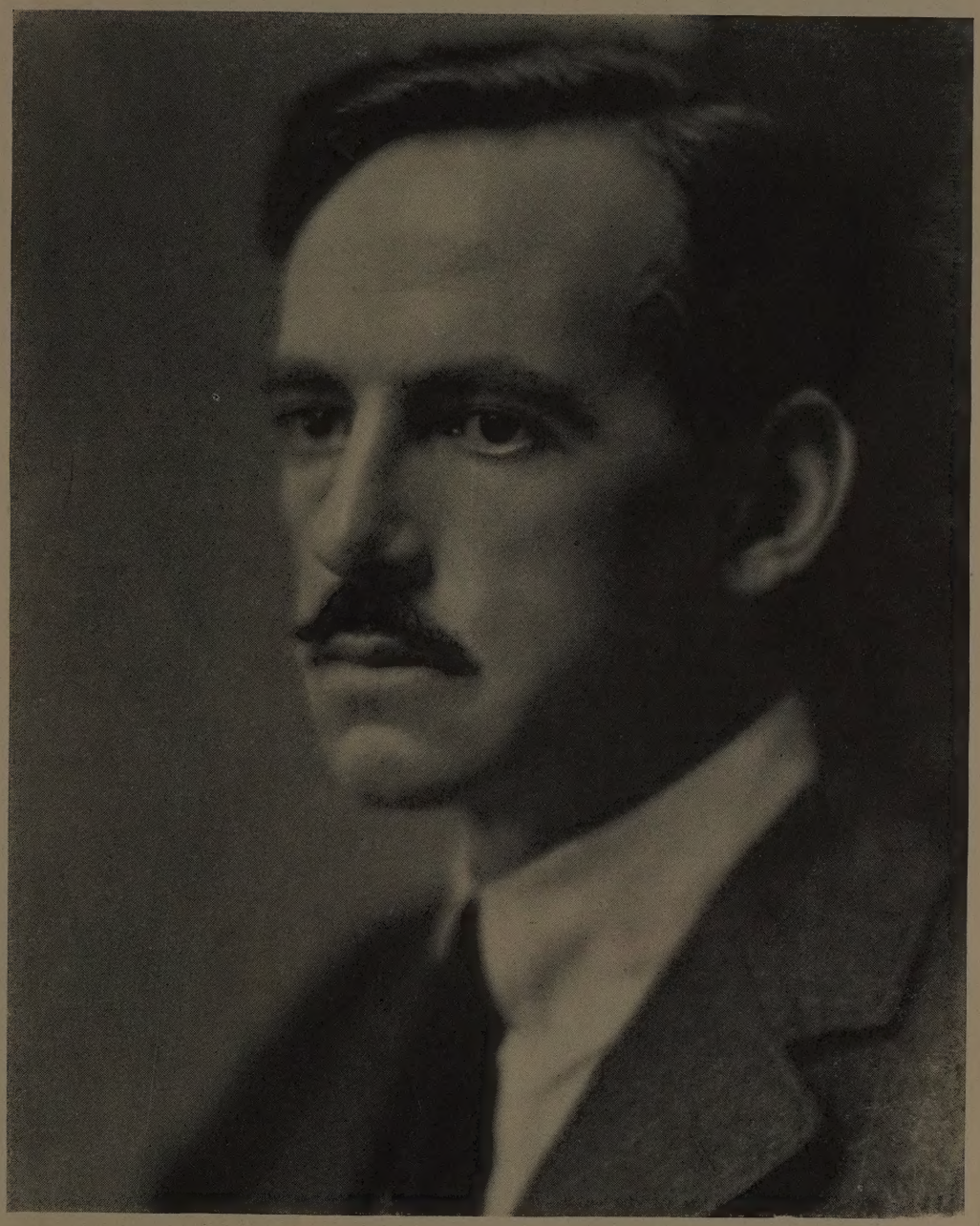
Pressed to put someone next to O'Neill, I would probably name Charles Rann Kennedy and Susan Glaspell—Kennedy, to be sure, not as one of the newer or younger men, but because he has been crying out in the wilderness for the sort of thing the youngsters are coming to; and Miss Glaspell less for actual achieved product than for what she gives promise of achieving in her next few plays. Kennedy with his remarkable reaches into regions beyond the usual vision of play writers, with his flashes of genius, his superb irony and his imagination, all wrapped up at times in undramatic legends, is bound to grow in stature in histories of the stage, and to be recognized as having influenced a large following. But after all, his roots are in British rather than American soil.

This year Miss Glaspell gave us, in "The Verge," a rather confused play that had in it qualities of daring directness and revealing vision that would, to my mind, warrant placing her in any list of the foremost American dramatists. She can write, too, with a certain intellectual sparkle in the dialogue, lightly as in that classic of the little theatres, "Suppressed Desires," penetratingly as in the best moments of "The Verge." And there is the one-act "Trifles" as an achievement in O'Neill's own field of strong-tender ironic realism.

THE GROWTH OF A DECADE

SOME ten years ago I wrote an article called "The American Playwright and the Drama of Sincerity." The title was somewhat catchy at that time because of the rareness of really sincere American plays on the stage. The facile theatricalisms of Klein, Broadhurst, DeMille, Belasco and such formed the bulk of the serious drama of that day. Judging then by sincerity, I recorded that by pretty general agreement the most important three playwrights were Augustus Thomas, Eugene Walter and Percy Mackaye. We knew even then that they were not great—as Edith Wharton, St. Gaudens and Sar-

(*Continued on page* 408)



Portrait by Nikolas Muray

Eugene O'Neill.

Pearl White
in
Six Studies
after Famous Paintings

"Nelly O'Brien" by Sir Joshua Reynolds

"Temperance" by Sir Joshua Reynolds

"Salome" by Henri Regnault

Portraits
by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

"The Cumaean Sybil" by Domenichino

"Jeanne d'Arc" by Bastien Le Page

"Madame Recamier" by Louis David

Jaunts Into Brightest England

The Second of a Series of Adventures in the Homes of Britain's Literary Great

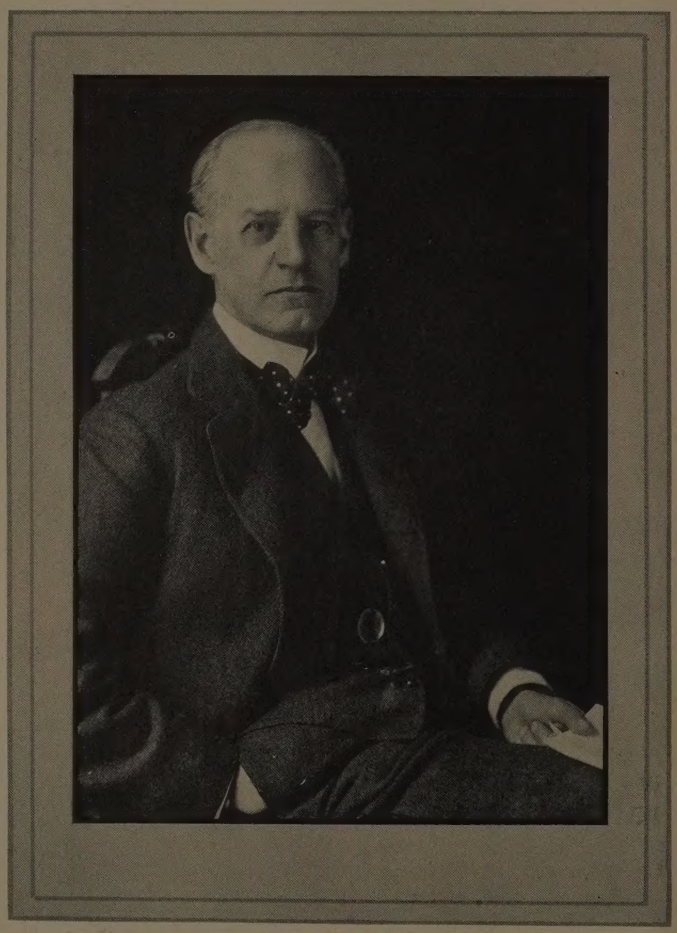
JOHN GALSWORTHY

By CARLTON MILES

BETTER than most, May Sinclair has the trick of detaching character from circumstance. Without an apparent word of explanation, she can picture a mentality surrounded by a sea of conversation. Three women sit at a tea table, entangled in discussion. Each is isolate, her relation to self and to others limned with amazing economy of effect.

A novelist's device this, too dramatic for the playwright. Only Alice Gerstenberg dared it in the little play, "Overtones" in which robed figures represented the thoughts of the two women engaged in the high comedy of verbal duel. But the thoughts of the women bore directly on the conversation in progress, whereas thoughts have a way of straying from the moment, betrayed occasionally by abstract manner.

Should Miss Sinclair turn from fiction to the lesser honors of the interview, I would propose John Galsworthy as subject. There is nothing chill about the novelist. He is the embodiment of easy, gracious courtesy. Conversation is far from intimidating, a long flow of material topics with now and then an upward leap of thought. And it is this swift flight that betrays his mental withdrawal. As clearly as if physically present may be seen the robed figure of his thoughts, standing behind him in his own drawingroom. You wonder what may be their burden. About him is the veil of remoteness. You are nearer Galsworthy in reading his books than in a meeting.



THE AUTHOR OF LOYALTIES

"There is nothing chill about the novelist. He is the embodiment of easy, gracious courtesy . . . About him is a veil of remoteness. You are nearer Galsworthy in reading his books than in a meeting."

"GROVE LODGE"

THE Galsworthys live at the bottom of a long, rambling lane called The Grove, in that part of Hampstead that looks calmly down on the crowded chimneypots of northwestern London. To reach the house you must climb a steep hill from the underground station and pass the stone building in which Du Maurier wrote "Peter Ibbetson" and to whose memory it bears a tablet. A few minutes' walk in one direction and you are in Church Row with the historic cemetery in which Du Maurier and Beerbohm Tree rest side by side. Follow the Grove walk and you arrive on Hampstead Heath, black with thousands of workers on Bank Holiday, overlooking the little row of cottages where Leigh Hunt and his followers established their "Vale of Health." But, having passed the Du Maurier home, you turn fairly to your left, descend a winding pathway that takes you by the Admiral's House—designated by large signs—erected 159 years ago by an aged commander who built his home in three decks and mounted it with guns. The guns have vanished but the Admiral's House still is one of the sights of Hampstead.

At the end of the lane a small grilled iron gate shuts off the world from a green yard and a low white house, whose rambling line suggests many passageways and sets of rooms. A sheltered, secluded spot, the place above all others where Galsworthy should live. Peace has been achieved in five minutes' walk from the noisy station. "The Inn of Tranquility." Its owners call it "Grove Lodge."

A turn down a long hallway, up a short flight of steps—a bright, flower-decked livingroom, a tea table, a dark-eyed, low-voiced hostess, a clasping of hand by host and a bark you interpret as cautious approval from Mark, the sheepdog, lying on the hearth rug. Mark is named for one of Galsworthy's characters. A jumble of conversation—American trains, the new plays, the new authors, Chicago, the beauty spots of London, New York hotels, Zona Gale, dramatic criticism, "Main Street"—moments flee before you dare steal a look at the middle-aged gentleman sitting quietly in his chair, striving with gentle dignity to place you at the ease he feels not himself.

Galsworthy might have been one of his own Forsytes. Tall, gray-haired he looks astonishingly like his photographs. He is as shy as A. A. Milne. Reticent to a degree about his own work, he talks freely and with the utmost generosity about that of others. Opinion, formed slowly, is determined. The face, with its faint smile, looks neither disheartened nor sad, yet sometime it has met suffering. Like most Englishmen the eagerness of youth has not been crushed.

The preliminaries of conversation ceased on the low note of American restaurants. Between gulps at a teacake, I managed to ask one of the trite questions of the interviewer:

"Does a dramatist have any favorite plays of his own?"

Galsworthy debated. He has a certain engaging timidity that restrains the accustomed flow of brash inquiries.

HIS FAVORITE PLAYS

ON the one hand," he said, slowly, " 'Strife.' Of the other type of play, 'The Silver Box' and 'The Pigeon.' Did you see 'The Silver Box' in the United States? It must have been a curious experience for American audiences. It was such a departure in form. It was even a revolutionary form for England when I wrote it in 1906.

"May I turn the tables? What one of my plays do you like best?"

Eyes shut, I blundered. "I think 'A Bit O'Love.' "

Stiffness vanished. The Galsworthys rocked with laughter.

"Fancy," chuckled the playwright. "Fancy anyone choosing 'A Bit O'Love.' How extraordinary! Most persons think

(*Continued on page* 410)

Portrait by Angelo, of Budapest

JULISKA NEMETH

Bright particular star of "Ju-Shy" a Japanese operetta now going the rounds of Continental stages and headed for eventual production in New York. Miss Nemeth is a native Hungarian and devoted months to the perfection of Japanese ways before essaying her role

Adrift in the Roaring Forties

Being a Monthly Page Out of the Notebook of

BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

ONE of the mysteries of first nights is the sudden disappearances and sudden reincarnations of George Jean Nathan in his seat.

During the second act of a play his seat is invariably empty. He is often seen again in the third act in his seat just after the curtain arises. Nathan has never seen, it is said, the fourth act of an American play. He is observed to sit out a whole evening only through broad French farces, German expressionistic plays and Sam Shipman's dramas.

Where does he pass the time that he is absent? He has been seen, I've heard, flitting from seat to seat in the balcony and family circle. At other times, they say, he passes the second act in his key-club. During "The Old Soak" first night he disappeared for one act and an eighth.

He is the Flying Dutchman of first nights.

I AM one of the few men in this country who have seen a pictured version of "Rose Bernd," the Hauptmann drama, lately produced with Ethel Barrymore. It came from Germany more than a year ago, and I saw it at a private showing.

It leaves nothing to the imagination. The field scenes and the violations of Rose by her two pursuers are shown in all their bald reality. The picture is more moving than the play. Henny Porten played Rose and Emil Jannings was the young lover.

Although I saw it with the German titles—and I cannot read German—and had never read the Hauptmann play, the continuity was so good and the mime work so powerful that I knew the story from beginning to end.

It is probable that the picture will never be shown in this country—the censors would pronounce it unfit for children to see—and the censors' definition of "children" is one hundred and one percent of the American people. For once, the censors are right—I mean in their identification of "children" with "Americans."

IN reading "The Letters of James Gibbons Huneker," just published, I recall my first meeting with Huneker in a theatre. It was during an intermission of "The Darling of the Gods." "Jim" and I adjourned to a neighboring bar (the old safety-valve of American "civilization"). Slowly soaking in his beloved Pilsner, he turned those curious gray eyes of his on me, and said, "That man Arliss is a great actor!"

Arliss was not known then as well as he is now. He is, to my mind, today the greatest actor on the English-speaking stage. What unforgettable portraits—the Marquis of Steyne, Disraeli, The Devil, the character (whose name I have forgotten—my memory record is a sieve, anyhow) in "The Green Goddess," and others. His picture work is equally memorable. He is one of the finest actors on the screen—and this is saying a good deal, for half of Arliss' power lies in his voice.

Huneker always hit the mark in his first impressions in matters theatrical, as in almost everything else he wrote about. His place as critic is empty.

"LOYALTIES" is the best play I have seen this season—so far. It is one of the most original at least.

Galsworthy's hand was heavy in "The Skin Game"—I couldn't "get" that play. Maybe it is the effect of home-brew on my cerebral activity. But "Loyalties" was as clear as "Justice" or "The Pigeon."

I do not recall a moment in which I was bored. Speaking of boredom, I doubt whether I am ever bored during the performance of a play—no matter how bad or crude it is. My curiosity about "business," lighting and "sets" is so keen that when the actors spill their platitudes I can entertain myself by studying the stage itself, or forget the banalities of the situations and the triteness of the plot by a study of the reactions on the audience, the contemplation of the movements of a fly on a neighboring bald head, or a meditation on coughing.

Merely to sit in a theatre—empty or full—gives me great pleasure. I am a perfect child when the curtain rises. Bad acting interests me as much as good acting. It is more amusing.

I WENT into a moving picture theatre the other day to see myself act. Rather elderly for a bow before the public, but the director of "Anna Ascends," Victor Fleming, needed some one to play a highbrow city editor, so he picked out me, and picked on me.

It is a curious psychological feeling to see one's self on the screen. I can now imagine what it is like to project one's astral body. There I was, moving, talking, gesticulating as I could never see myself in life. When "Bobby" Burns asked that some good power would give us the gift to see ourselves as others see us, he never dreamed that the "movies" would do it. But all the utterances of poets come true.

I am not quite satisfied with myself as an actor. Besides, I had no idea that I was so portly, so obtuse looking, that I waddled, that I looked so much like a German bartender. But I recall for solace that Booth was disappointed in his first real part, that "Charlie" Chaplin never believed he would screen well, etc.

The camera doesn't lie; but I have been doing some tall lying to myself.

MY first intellectual laugh of the season came with "So This is London!" There is more in this play than mere entertainment. It is a satire on international prejudices. It proves also that under our skins we are all the same serio-comic asses.

Do all Americans picture the Englishman as a monocled ass? Do all Englishmen picture Americans as tobacco-chewing morons? Sad to relate, most Englishmen and most Americans who have never visited one another's country do.

It is all the fault, I take it, of the cartoonists and comic writers. Ridicule creates a false truth by accentuating the defects on the cartoonists' subjects.

Before the war the average American had strange notions of a Frenchman. Every French child was believed to be compelled to read Zola at the age of six. At ten it was schooled in "The Satyricon."

I should like to see a play along the lines of "So This is London!" with a title, "So This Is France!" Maybe I'll write it.

I HEAR that the Shuberts are to establish a school of ushers.

Pourquoi?

I have always found ushers to be efficient, polite, quiet, and I never knew one with his or her hands out for tips.

What we need is a school for audiences—a training school that will:—

Promote coughing at home.

Teach them the fine art of punctuality.

Teach them to rise when some one is passing in.

Teach them to keep their umbrellas off the floor.

THE Greenwich Village Follies this year hits the highest point in its career. But there is one number that ought to come out—and that is the satire (?) on the plays of Eugene O'Neill. This number is called "Futility" and is by George V. Hobart. It is well named. It is futile to satirize O'Neill. He is too big to be hit that way.

Portrait by Edwin Bower Hesser

THEATRE MAGAZINE PREDICTS

That with application to her art in its sincerest forms and with level-headedness and unending consciousness that greatness lies at the end of the little used bypath of simplicity, Helen Gahagan will achieve fine things in the theatre before she is done. With little else than some amateur experience Miss Gahagan caused something of a commotion with her admirable performance in the late-lamented "Dreams for Sale." The critics united in attributing to this fortunate young lady from Brooklyn an array of abilities which make her a logical successor to the foremost actresses of today

White

SAM FORREST

Stage director of Sam H. Harris productions and guiding genius in particular of "Captain Applejack," "Six Cylinder Love" "It's a Boy," "The Champion," and "On Trial"

Muray

DAVID BURTON

Stage director for the Charles Frohman company and responsible, among other productions, for the sumptuous "The Czarina" and "Greatness" the new Zoe Akins play

Genthe

AUGUSTIN DUNCAN

Stage Director for the Equity Players and as such to be held accountable for "Malvaloca." He has to his credit "John Ferguson," "Kempy," "S. S. Tenacity" and "The Detour"

LESTER LONERGAN

Illustrious as being the stage director of "Abraham Lincoln," "The Bad Man," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" and "East of Suez." He is at present directing independently.

FRANK REICHER

Former stage director for The Theatre Guild and now engaged by the Selwyn office. Noted for his "Liliom," "From Morn to Midnight," "Back to Methuselah" and "The Fool"

Apeda

Muray

ROBERT MILTON

Whose long list of brilliant achievements as a stage director includes such recent productions as "He Who Gets Slapped," "Ambush," "Madame Pierre," and "Banco." He is now director for William Harris, Jr.

Marcia Stein

THEY STAGE OUR PLAYS

Six of the Most Important Stage Directors in the American Theatre

The Foreign Director Invades America

Komisarjevsky is Brought from Russia to Supervise Theatre Guild Productions

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

BACK in 1908, the year of Fyodor Chaliapin's first visit to America and the date of the only fiasco of his entire career, another Russian Fyodor was associated with another Russo-American dramatic catastrophe. His name was Fyodor (Theodore) Komisarjevsky, and just as a younger brother he accompanied his sister, the great Russian actress, Vera Komisarjevskaya, on her first and only American tour, a venture which has no parallel for heedless lack of appreciation of genius and for financial mismanagement.

And now in 1923, just a season after Fyodor Chaliapin retrieved his reputation a hundred fold and the American public made generous amends for its mistakes of old, the other Fyodor, Theodore Komisarjevsky, as he prefers to be called in tongue-untwisting kindness, has come to try his fortune with us once more. This time instead of a mere retainer in the shadow of an obliterating talent, he arrives as himself, with a reputation as a producer in Moscow and in London, to take charge of the production of the European plays in the program of the Theatre Guild.

THE NEED FOR A PRODUCER

THE importation of Komisarjevsky by the Guild calls attention once more to one of the peculiar shortcomings of this interesting group: its failure to develop a producing talent of the first order out of its own ranks. In the old days when it was known as the Washington Square Players, no one worried about a producer. There was always someone handy if Edward Goodman did not wish to assume that rôle himself. But in the post-war reincarnation as the Theatre Guild, timidity has taken the place of assurance, and the Guild is probably the only institutional theatre of importance in the world which habitually summons outsiders, such as Emmanuel Reicher, and now Theodore Komisarjevsky, to the post of its stage director.

In any case, whether this practice be the mark of timidity or of admirable caution, Komisarjevsky is here to take the place made vacant by Frank Reicher's decision to join the Selwyns, to put on for the Guild their multitudinous European purchases, such as Ernst Toller's communist drama, "Masse Mensch"; "R. U. R." the grotesque satire from Czecho-Slovakia; Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," to be rescued from neglect since Mansfield died by the temerarious Liliom, Joseph Schildkraut; and several others impossible to sift from a list twice as long as the Guild can digest in a single season.

Incidentally, Komisarjevsky will swell the New York colony of self-imposed exiles and more or less permanent visitors from Russia, and to its ranks he will add a producing talent which, while hardly yet of the first order, has definitely individual traits that mark him off as distinct from the other manners and methods which we have come to consider as typically Russian.

In the first place, the new producer from Moscow is a man of the simplest and quietest personal habits. In appearance and in bearing, he has none of the irrational, picturesque idiosyncrasies of conduct which are an integral and unconscious part of so many Russians. He is as unobtrusive as

THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
Who has come from Moscow by way of London to put on European plays at the Garrick

a Viennese, as tireless as—well, who is tireless any longer in this restless, strike-torn world of ours! When I knew him back in 1918 in Moscow, he was the sole director and motive force of his own playhouse, named after the departed sister whom the entire Russian nation had worshipped and one of the tiniest and yet most distinctive and stimulating of the city's Little Theatres. Besides, he found time to direct his own school of the theatre with numerous classes and to supervise the operatic productions at the Theatre of the Soviet of Workmen's Deputies, formerly the Zimina Opera.

Komisarjevsky began his independent career in the same year as the death of his great sister, 1910, by founding a dramatic school to train young people for the stage he hoped later to develop. The year the war began he was ready, and in the fall of 1914 he opened the Theatre in Memory of Vera Komisarjevsky in a remodelled dwelling house in a side street just off Moscow's Fifth Avenue, the Tverskaya. It seated just 150 people and its stage was no larger than an average drawing room. And yet, by means of a gauze screen, used more unobtrusively than I have ever seen this expedient manipulated except by our own Robert Edmond Jones, he obtained the effect of aloofness and distance even for those who were fairly edging their way on the stage in the front row.

In this theatre Komisarjevsky produced a wide range of plays from 1914 to 1918. By seasons, the repertory grew thus, with particularly successful productions held over to succeeding seasons: 1914-15—"Dmitry Donskoi," tragedy by Ozyoroff; Molière's "The Sicilian" and Ostrovsky's "A Family Picture"; Dickens' "A Christmas Carol"; the morality, "Everyman"; and a dramatization from Dostoievsky's "A Bad Anecdote." 1915-16—"Night Hops," by Sologub; "The Choice of a Fiancée," by Hoffman; "May Night," by Gogol; and "The Cursed Prince," by Remizoff. 1916-17—"Vanka the Butler and Page Jean," by Sologub; Hugo von Hofmannsthal's "Elektra"; Balzac's "L'Amour sous le Masque"; and Kuzmin's "The Comedy of Alexei, or God's Man" and Andreieff's "Requiem." 1917-18—Charles Van Lerberghe's "Pan" and Aristophanes' "Lysistrata."

AN INTERESTING EXILE

AT the Soviet Opera, the old haunt of Zimin, the Oscar Hammerstein of Moscow, Komisarjevsky had absolute control back stage in the operatic side of the repertory just as Mihail Mordkin, the dancer, had supreme control of the ballet. But the friction resulting from the efforts to preserve this independence and the growing difficulty of life in Moscow combined to drive Komisarjevsky into self-imposed exile. Reported first on the continent, he soon drifted to London, and for the last two and a half years he has managed to keep busy with various commissions in the British capital. One of his earliest and most praised tasks was the mounting of Gogol's masterpiece of comedy, "Revizor" or "The Inspector General," for Moscowitch. Latterly, he has devoted most of his time to the productions of the Stage Society, winning especial attention for the way he put on Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," which is promised for production in New York before the season is over.

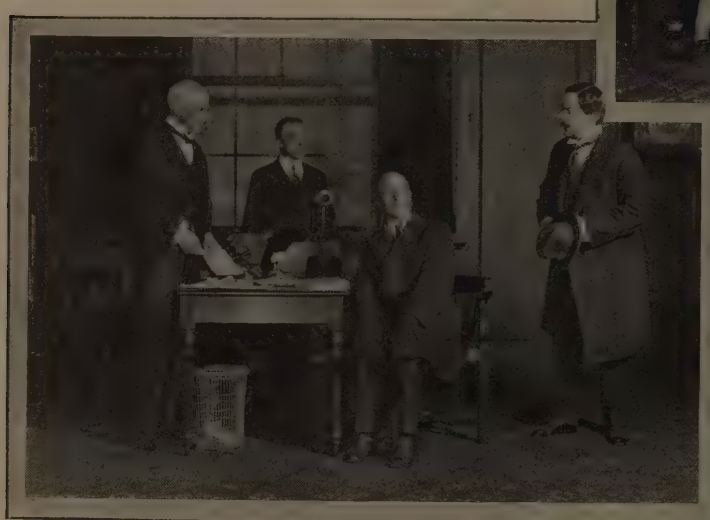
Just as the outstanding feature of

(*Continued on page* 414)

1. Ferdinand De Levis (*James Dale*), a wealthy young Jew who has climbed into London society on the shoulders of its sporting proclivities, finds he has been robbed while guest at a country house. He demands from his host immediate investigation of the theft. The latter resents his imputation that the money has been stolen by a guest. In the picture from left to right are: Charles Winsor (De Levis' host, played by *H. G. Stoker*); Captain Dancy, a war hero (*Charles Quartermaine*); General Canynge (*Felix Aylmer*) and De Levis. When Dancy has left De Levis declares him to be the guilty man. The others stand together against the accusation being made and threaten to ostracize De Levis if it is.

2. But De Levis persists. He feels confident he is right and finally faces Dancy at their mutual club and denounces him as a thief. The aristocratic club-members side solidly with Dancy, athough there are those among them who feel a bit dubious about Dancy's innocence. De Levis is made to feel an outsider for his attitude and hotly resigns.

3. (*Below*) Dancy has to bring suit against De Levis to defend his good name and just prior to its conclusion the missing money turns up through an Italian (*Henry Carvill*, at right) who states he has received it from Dancy. The latter's attorney, Jacob Twisden (*Laurence Hanray*, at left) decides that in his duty to the law he must discontinue the case.



Pictures by White

4. Dancy is told that things are up. The fight of class hate and bitterness has led to wreckage for him. De Levis announces he is now satisfied and will not prosecute criminally.

5. (*In oval*) Given a chance to "run for it," Dancy goes home to the wife, who though suspecting his guilt, has been loyal to him. He begs her to come away with him and they are about to leave when the police, taking prosecution into their own hands, knock on the door. The play ends in the inevitable tragedy.

THE NEW PLAY

"Loyalties" by Galsworthy One of Finest in Years

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

To Love

A drama in three acts by Paul Geraldy produced on October 18 at the Bijou Theatre by Grace George with the following cast:

Henri, Norman Trevor; Helene, Grace George; Challange, Robert Warwick.

THE lover of *Toi et Moi* has come a long way. From the petty bickerings of love while at the height of its ardor we find him now as a husband, ten years married and able to peer analytically into the situation between his wife and himself. Here are different problems to those earlier ones upon which an *"embrasse-moi"* would draw a happy curtain. M. Geraldy, one must conclude, has lived and learned, and as his philosophies have expanded so has his art increased and remained in its poetical strength proportionate to his worldly wisdom.

"To Love" in its English, though not Anglicized, form retains more than a share of its original dramatic force and almost as much of the flavor in its language. Though, to be sure, the plain and sometimes hard words of our own vulgate do a measure of death to the charm and flow of a Gallic thinking-aloud. Miss George is responsible for a translation that is both sincere and faithful, and its shortcomings, such as they are, must be accounted in the case of a play by Geraldy to the inadequacies not of the translator but of the language she had to employ. "To Love" is radiant with beauty. To ask that it be more so were infinitely stupid.

Our plays grow more introspective. "La Tendresse" and now "To Love" both pry into questions of the heart and soul that would have bored an audience to extinction a decade ago. It is a good sign that we can listen with patience to the lengthy musings of Barnac on the needs of a man's heart, and to the still more lengthy discussions of the three characters in this talkiest of plays without feeling that their philosophizings are holding up the precious "action." "La Tendresse" and "To Love" have much in common in that they both display love—not in its popularized romantic rôle—but in its capacity of being nourishment to a definite human spiritual need. In other words, we find it largely as it is and must be rather than as it might be if the moment on which the usual play's final curtain descends never ended. Love's blinders have been thrown off, and it seems to me that these two great plays by two great Frenchmen have introduced to American audiences a genuine discussion of something which from now on we shall find discussed on our own stage, as abroad, in franker and more immeasurably interesting terms.

Miss George gives a significant and intelligent performance as the wife who seems to tire of her husband and feels the urge of physical satisfactions elsewhere. I might only wish that her method of speech were not quite so didactic and that she did not invariably employ that rising inflection which suggests the pulpit. Her delivery, as a matter of fact, injures the dramatic interest of the play by making incredible from the start that anyone who spoke quite so sweetly might ever possibly leave her husband! Mr. Trevor has never given a finer performance than as the husband who, through the trial of his wife's becoming weary of him, attempts desperately to steer a course fair to both of them. Mr. Warwick is most unhappily cast as the man who comes into Helene's life to remind her of the distant places and those other things that seem popular with the *flaneur* who has his eyes on other men's wives. He has a most amazing accent, invented, I should say, for the occasion, which renders half he says almost unintelligible and the other half woefully unreal. Mr. Warwick is essentially a male type and should eschew any but the bluntest, un-Anglicized delivery. That, at least, might assist him in giving some verisimilitude to his being what the playwright means him to be, a masterful man both physically and intellectually. As Mr. Warwick is reading the part he cannot hope to seem anything but an actor and a bad one at that.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

THE AWFUL TRUTH: High comedy by an American,—entertainingly played by Ina Claire and Bruce McRae.

KIKI: A mediocre *vaudeville* turned into a masterpiece by the talented and acrobatic Lenore Ulric.

LOYALTIES: A dramatic *chef d'oeuvre* by Galsworthy that will be liked by *everybody*.

R. U. R.: A fantastic melodrama on an absorbing subject that creates its own high tension.

LA TENDRESSE: An emotional drama dealing with the love relation—magnificently played by Henry Miller.

TO LOVE: A play of rare beauty on the greatest of themes—finely interpreted by Grace George and Norman Trevor.

Loyalties

A drama in three acts by John Galsworthy produced on September 27th at the Gaiety Theatre by Charles Dillingham with the following cast:

Charles Winsor, H. G. Stoker; Lady Adela, Cathryn Young; Ferdinand De Levis, James Dale; Treisure, Henry Carvill; General Canynge, Felix Aylmer; Margaret Orme, Jeannette Sherwin; Captain Ronald Dancy, D.S.O., Charles Quartermaine; Mabel, Diana Bourbon; Inspector Dede, Victor Tandy; Robert, Deering Wells; A Constable, Henry Morrell; Augustus Borring, Deering Wells; Lord St. Erth, Laurence Hanray; A Club Footman, Henry Morrell; Major Colford, Wilfrid Seagram; Edward Graviter, Henry Morrell; A Young Clerk, Deering Wells; Gilman, Victor Tandy; Jacob Twisden, Laurence Hanray; Ricardos, Henry Carvill.

HERE then, *mes enfants,* IS a play! Mr. Galsworthy has done himself proud in this inspirational creation that moves with the swiftness of an arrow and the certainty of time. "Justice," "The Pigeon," none of them, however finely representative they may be of the work of this eminent novelist and playwright, can touch

1. (*Left*) Lucy Warriner (*Ina Claire*), a beautiful, fashionable but broke divorcee finds it financially necessary to re-enter wedlock. Daniel Leeson (*Paul Harvey*) one of the broad-fisted sort from out God's country way is the man she has in mind as being rich enough to compensate for her having to marry him. Leeson (seen at the extreme right in the picture) is eager for the match though Lucy's two society friends, the Trents (*George H. Barrand* and *Cora Witherspoon*) are not. Neither is Leeson's aunt, Mrs. Leeson (*Louise Mackintosh*) who has heard that in Lucy's divorce case Lucy's own reputation was a bit damaged by rumor. She insists on being reassured for Daniel's sake that there was nothing in the story and that Lucy was wholly innocent of the reported indiscretions.

2. (*Below*) Lucy, anxious enough to marry to pacify the recalcitrant aunt, summons her ex-husband, Norman Satterly (*Bruce McRae*), to her defense. The latter (at the right in the picture) though really believing Lucy to have been guilty lies like a gentleman in her behalf and satisfies Mrs. Leeson that Lucy's character is pure white.

3. (*In circle*) The others gone, Satterly, who has not seen his wife for some time, renews his acquaintance with her and struggles desperately with a temptation to fall in love with her all over again. They muse over old times and Lucy realizes that a man like Leeson is not for her.

4. (*Below*) The one thing standing in the way of their reunion being Satterly's doubts as to her relations with a man named Kempster, Lucy invites the latter to call (*Raymond Walburn*) and in a pre-arranged scene which Satterly is permitted by Lucy to overhear it is made apparent to the ex-husband that Lucy was actually innocent in her relations with Kempster. The rest is easy. Satterly believes because he wants to believe—but the *audience*—ah! the audience—!

Pictures by White

THE NEW PLAY

"The Awful Truth," a Medley of Cleverness and Artful Characterization

for sheer dramaturgy the technical masterpiece that has come to perch for certain permanence on Broadway as a blinking, elbow-rubbing reminder of the inadequacies of the native craft. From every conceivable standpoint it is the most finished product we have seen for years. Add to which an uncommonly fine production of it with a cast of English actors who can act.

There has been much talk, all of it piffle, concerning Mr. Galsworthy's intention to write an anti-Semitic play. "Loyalties" is no more directed against the Jew than it is against any other one of the several rigid castes and classes represented by the characters of the play as they form themselves in the fight that the action develops into tight little groups standing united against all the other tight little groups. The Jew in this instance happens to be fighting alone, the other classes being represented more numerously. But from the standpoint of the play's strength he can afford to stand alone due to the playwright's having given him more than a due share of right in his cause. As a matter of fact, if there must be a prefix attached to the word Semitic (and I can see no reason for there being one) it should be *pro*. The Jew almost throughout shines in an admirable light. When, in reply to the aristocrat blackguard's imputation of "You're a damned Jew!" he says "And you're a damned thief!" he wins right there the battle to decide where the respect of the audience must lie.

Mr. Galsworthy's play is one of those rare works, a play of consummate artistry that is for everybody. It starts with all the tensity of "The Bat" and infinitely more plausibility. Ferdinand De Levis, a wealthy young Jew, visiting some aristocratic friends outside London discovers that money has been stolen from him. He believes the thief to be another guest, Captain Dancy, a gentleman and a war hero. He declares his feeling to his host, and the latter is horrified, not so much at the theft as at the idea that De Levis might be guilty of such unutterably bad form as to wish to go further into any such scandalous matter while guest at his house.

It is then that the cliques form. The Jew finds himself faced with a united aristocracy who refuse to yield for an instant to De Levis' right for investigation. The movement of the play grows out of the bitter clash between Jew and aristocrat and into it, before the fighting has done, most of the several castes in London have a fling at being loyal to their own. A hate that breathes poison and spells suicide is the only possible outcome of the situation. The play in its development is emotionally hair-raising; it proceeds with the indomitability of fate and builds to its climaxes with the sureness of the workman who raises a brick wall. One exceedingly interesting technical feature lies in the quite acceptable absence of a hero or any one character to whom sympathies may be affixed. Though De Levis has right on his side in the struggle, Mr. Galsworthy has so devised the character as to make him fluctuate in and out of our graces. This is emphasized by the way in which the part has been directed and played.

The cast is capital and notably good work is done by Victor Tandy, Laurence Hanray, Henry Carvill, and Deering Wells, all of whom play two or more different rôles. James Dale gives an exceedingly interesting portrayal of De Levis, as does Charles Quartermaine of the hero-thief Dancy. The production, done under the direction of Basil Dean, who came here from London for the occasion, is admirable in all respects. There is nothing better in town than "Loyalties" nor will there be, probably, for years to come!

Malvaloca

A play from the Spanish of Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero, translated by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr., produced on October 2nd at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre by the Equity Players with the following cast:

Malvaloca, Jane Cowl; Juanela, Angela McCahill; Mariquita, Mariette Hyde; Sister Piedad, Lillian Albertson; Teresona, Jessie Ralph; Alfonsa, Lenore Norvelle; Dona Enriqueta, Louise Closser Hale; Dionisia, Margaret Fareleigh; Sister Consuelo, Grace Hampton; Sister Dolores, Lalive Brownell; Sister Carmen, Edith Van Cleve; Leonardo, Rollo Peters; Salvador, Frederic Burt; Martin, Marshall Vincent; Barrabas, Frank I. Frayne; Tio Jerome, Claude Cooper; Lebit, Edward Cullen.

THE début of the Equity Players in "Malvaloca" would have been the coincidental decease of any producing organization that did not have behind it either the quantity of ready money or the store of good will possessed by this latest combine of actor-managers. A more unhappy choice of a vehicle for their talents can scarcely be imagined. I hear that the play-reading committee of the Players never really had a meeting and I believe it. "Malvaloca" may have carried a certain interest and plenty of charm, in its native habitat but on Broadway it was a Spanish omelette that simply didn't *om*. I'll wager at least ten American manuscripts handed in to the Equity Committee would have provided them with no worse failure.

Starting with a script of the sort was a patent effort by the Equity Players to model themselves generally in the matter of program on the pattern of the Theatre Guild. The latter has avoided the native dramatist as they might a leper. Their successes have, without exception, been works from foreign pens. But what the Messrs. Equity did not take care to do was practice the same estimable commercial skill that has guided the directors of the Guild to artistic and financial success. There was nothing in "Malvaloca" of movement and little of color that is not over-stale. The Spanish play of love, *per se*, without some illuminating story or spirit underlying it has no more interest here than the works of the Doctor Percy Mackaye.

To the weakness of the drama chosen, the Equity Players added the greater weakness of casting in Spanish rôles players about as Spanish, temperamentally, as dough. Miss Cowl's performance as the prostitute who falls in love with a good young man was a vaudeville imitation of Farrar's Carmen. She hipped and shawled and cigarétted all over the place, but when it came to getting a little zeal into speeches that occasionally held the potentiality of sincerity and life she was woefully deficient. She was picturesque but photographic.

Two performances were capital and lent a small share of the color which in greater quantity might have produced a better result. They were those of Claude Cooper, a Spanish good-for-nothing, and Louise Closser Hale as a duenna. I couldn't help feeling that Miss Hale burlesqued her part with a rather definite inner conviction of its worth.

The stage set—a vast affair, rather neat mechanically—reared over the proceedings somewhat too prominently and was bathed miles high in the torrid light of at least six Spanish suns.

Incidentally, it might not be a bad idea for that play-reading committee to meet. Every time I wander into the poverty-pocked offices of the Theatre Guild I find the luminaries of that clever band with their heads together and their arguments on the table.

1. The Count de Lussac (*Alfred Lunt*) nicknamed "Banco" keeps his young bride Charlotte (*Lola Fisher*) waiting 84 hours for him in the foyer of a gambling casino along the Riviera while he plays baccarat. She refuses to go back to the hotel unless he leaves with her and he in turn refuses to quit until she goes. Things are at a pretty pass!

2. A sympathetic stranger in white golf knickers announces himself to Charlotte as the Baron Delignieres (*Francis Byrne*) and offers his assistance. Skeptical at first but finally made desperate at the failure of her every effort to make "Banco" stop his wild game, Charlotte decides to leave him forever and return to her mother. She beseeches the Baron to be escort.

3. The Baron, however, would not be shaken off once Charlotte had regained her mother and her freedom in divorce. One year later she becomes the bride of the man who had rescued her from "Banco"—and prepares to settle down in a life of peace on the Baron's estate in Touraine. (*Left*) An hour after the wedding "Banco" shows up with his friend, Georges Dalou (*Robert Strange*) and declares to the astonished Charlotte that he refuses to recognize the divorce. (*Right*) No amount of pleading can persuade Charlotte, and she tells him she is through with him.

4. That night "Banco" sets alight a fire on the estate which necessitates the Baron's leaving Charlotte alone on their bridal night. The young Count enters her room and again endeavors to make Charlotte change her mind. Whether she does and what happens when in the morning the Baron and his mother (*Charlotte Granville*) return and find "Banco" still in Charlotte's room is a secret you can perhaps guess!

Pictures by White

THE NEW PLAY

Alfred Lunt Delightful in the Gay French Farce "Banco"

R. U. R.

A melodrama by Karel Capek, translated by Paul Selver and Nigel Playfair, produced October 9 at the Garrick Theatre by the Theatre Guild with the following cast:

Harry Domin, Basil Sydney; Sulla—A Robotess, Mary Bonestell; Marius—A Robot, Myrtland LaVarre; Helena Glory, Kathlene MacDonell; Dr. Gall, William Devereux; Mr. Fabry, John Anthony; Dr. Hallemeir, Moffat Johnston; Mr. Alquist, Louis Calvert; Consul Busman, Henry Travers; Nana, Helen Westley; Radius, John Rutherford; Helena, Mary Hone; Primus, John Roche; A Servant, Frederick Mark; First Robot, Domis Plugge; Second Robot, Richard Coulidge; Third Robot, Bernard Savage.

THE admirable Theatre Guild—it seems to me I am always starting "the admirable Theatre Guild"—has begun its season auspiciously. Eschewing, as usual, both American scripts and "high art" these crafty showmen have snatched away from under the nose of every other producer in town an outrageously fine melodrama by Karel Capek. There is nothing new about "R. U. R." As a matter of fact, thematically and in its story the thing aches with repetition. But the breath of dramatic life has been blown into the old carcass by a capable craftsman and given a reasonably good production by the Guild and, in consequence, is as worth while seeing as anything in town except "Loyalties" and "La Tendresse."

The cryptic initials (hokum playwriting at its best)—stand for Rossum's Universal Robots, mechanical workmen created synthetically in wholesale lots. At first, they serve merely to lighten man's labor; then they fight his battles as automaton soldiers; then comes the day of reckoning when, millions strong and inspired by some new impulse in their innards, they turn on Man and extinguish him entirely. As an aftermath to this tense, exciting entertainment is an epilogue in which, as a sop to some vagrant dreads that may linger in the audience, we find the monsters discovering love and, with it, launching out on a course of procreation that, we are to assume, will shortly result in the monsters breeding something very akin to the humans they have destroyed.

The notable feature of the production lies in some capital settings by Lee Simonson. Philip Moeller's direction indicates a general sloppiness fatal to tempo and at times destructive entirely of tension and illusion. The third act, during which the Robots are besieging the humans, which should carry along a very wave of thrill lagged like a tired dog. Basil Sydney was poorly cast in the rôle of the Director of the mighty factory that turns out Robots. He is a capital romantic actor, with a flair for longish hair and studied profiles; but in a rôle which calls for the strength and mental projection of the sort Holbrook Blinn gives his characterizations Mr. Sydney floundered weakly. There were several good performances, notably by Louis Calvert, Mary Bonestell, Helen Westley, John Rutherford and Mary Hone.

Rose Bernd

A tragedy by Gerhart Hauptman, adapted by Ludwig Lewisohn, produced September 26 at the Longacre Theatre by Arthur Hopkins with a cast among whom were:

Rose Bernd, Ethel Barrymore; Christopher Flamm, Dudley Digges; Arthur Streckmann, McKay Morris; Marthel Bernd, Anna Zwilinoff; Bernd, William B. Mack; August Kiel, Charles Francis; Mrs. Flamm, Doris Rankin..

HERE is an exhumation difficult to understand. Why this exceedingly dull German Tess should have been plucked from out the cold, cold ground and set to life again on the Longacre stage I do not see. There are few heavier plays in all German dramatic literature, and it fits but poorly Ethel Barrymore's qualifications as an actress. That there will be a fervid holler over the fact that the exquisite Barrymore should abandon her hollow voice and fancy clothes to play an inarticulate peasant-girl there can be no doubt. This sacrifice to the usual personality—a rare thing in our theatre and to be admired as such—will be mistaken as great acting in many quarters. Close examination of the *actress* playing Rose rather than of Miss Barrymore playing Rose, however, reveals defects in equipment for the part and in its interpretation that emphasize one's curiosity as to why the thing should ever have been essayed.

Miss Barrymore has snatches of brilliance, but they are those in which the playwright is having *his* snatches of brilliance and it is not easy to divorce credit for the effect. Hauptman's *motif* for the play is inherently dramatic, but in its development he uses dodges we have long counted antique and uninteresting.

Rose Bernd, a peasant girl of slow wit and hopelessly limited in the matter of expressing herself, is the prey, by reason of her marked charms, of two village Lotharios. By one of them she has a child and the event is coincident to her forced engagement to a third man, a clerical fellow. Out of this comes chaos. Trouble, as a sort of monster, seizes her mind and unable ever to see her way clear she eventually finds expression in the murder of her bastard child. Fundamentally, there, we have a great character—symbolic of the great mass of the Inarticulate who suffer by reason of their not being able to explain—either to themselves or anyone else. But the Hauptman play weaved about it is slow in its movement, talky to the point of distraction and obvious from beginning to end. It has a place between covers, in the dignified group of Hauptman's plays given this country by Ludwig Lewisohn, but certainly none on the current boards. Least of all with the exhibition of casting given by Mr. Hopkins. McKay Morris as one of the town Don Juans is the only member of the cast except Miss Barrymore who is not just a bit ridiculous in the part he has been given to play.

Miss Barrymore stumbles heavily through all the three long acts; she fidgets so nervously as to make Rose seem not just dull but lunatic; she groans her lines in a manner which suggests, more than anything, the roaring of her own brother as Neri; she stares madly. This, largely, is her interpretation of Rose Bernd. Physically she is utterly unsuited to the rôle. I hope her next venture will have something more of reason—not to mention rhyme—connected with it.

The Chauve-Souris

Third program of the season, produced by Comstock & Gest at the Century Roof on October 10.

THIS estimable group of entertainers become more worthy of their hire with every new bill. For the third program of the season Compére Balieff has sent all previous numbers scampering and devised a bill that is sheer delight from beginning to end. There is no doubt but that America's artistic debt to these visitors is huge—beyond estimate. No form of entertainment in the land but that will fall eventually under the influence of

1. (*Upper*) At an Andalusian convent, Leonardo (*Rollo Peters*), (*at left*) fervent idealist, visits his convalescent friend, the gay but wary Salvador (*Frederic Burt*), who never fell in love unless he saw three ways out. Salvador is chagrined to find Leonardo in rapt sublimation of the virtues which shine from the face of Malvaloca (*Jane Cowl*), who has gallantly traveled from Seville to see her old lover.

2. (*Upper*) Malvaloca succumbs to the honest Leonardo who, she says, treats her not like a woman but as though she were someone, and, in an excess of repentance and generosity, leaves her jewels on the chapel altar, explaining to the protesting nuns that it is the only way she knows how to be good.

3. (*Lower*) Leonardo and Malvaloca take up residence together until the advent of the former's sister, Juanela (*Angela McCahill*), who is shocked to find her brother with so obvious a companion but loyally stands by him. "La Golondrina," the bell of the convent, long-broken, has been re-cast by Salvador and Leonardo and on a festival day is carried through the village. Leonardo, in an ecstacy of self-torture, insists that Malvaloca come openly to his house on this day. She does and is cut by Juanela's friends.

4. (*Lower*) Malvaloca: "There are some things that never enter the intelligence without first passing through the heart."

5. (*At left*) Aware that they must live always in the shadow of Malvaloca's past, the lovers decide to fight out their problem together, "torn by prongs of the same thorns." Salvador departs, realizing that he is no longer in the picture.

Pictures by Abbe

THE NEW PLAY

The Equity Players Make Their Debut with "Malvaloca," a Spanish Love Drama

Chauve-Souris methods, directly or indirectly. Already it is becoming obvious on Broadway and in vaudeville. Amateurs are making free with its scenic patents everywhere. We may find ourselves a nation with some color in it yet thanks to these exiled children of a dead Czar.

There is not a number of the new bill that does not merit its place; though saliently fine are *Malbrough S-en Va t-en Guerre,* a toy parade to the words of an old song, *The Night Idyl,* an amusing tom-cat serenade and *Katinka's Unexpected Romance,* a gay medley of the "Chauve-Souris'" two most popular numbers, *Katinka* and *The Wooden Soldiers.*

Here certainly is a show with genius stirring in its every effort. Not to see it is cultural disaster.

Why Men Leave Home

A new comedy by Avery Hopwood produced on September 12th at the Morosco Theatre by Wagenhals and Kemper, with the following cast:

Butler, Minor Watson; Grandma, Jessie Villars; Tom, John McFarlane; Fifi, Florence Shirley; Nina, Theresa Maxwell Conover; Betty, Audrey Hart; Sybil, Isabel Leighton; Billy, Norval Keedwell; Artie, Herbert Yost; Sam, Paul Everton; Doris, Wauna Loraine; Maid, Peggy Lytton.

THIS play is a serious matter for the American theatre. At a time when practically every outstanding success in New York is by a foreign writer, it reminds us that one of the most promising talents that ever reached Broadway from the West is dragging itself on its knees through the mud. "Why Men Leave Home" is a dirty piece which talks about monkey glands while cloaking itself in an air of the sanctimonious on the pretext of preaching a sermon about wives who are not really wives to their needful husbands. It is of the cheapest possible calibre in tone and technique and as funny as the sleeping-sickness. Poor Hopwood! And I thought I had known him well, Horatio!

Mr. Hopwood recently made a self-conscious announcement to the press that he has made a million and a quarter out of his plays. In the name of Eugene O'Neill, he is welcome to it!

The Yankee Princess

A light opera in three acts, with music by Emmerich Kalman, book by William Le Baron and lyrics by B. G. De Sylva, adapted from "Die Bajadere," of Julius Brammer and Alfred Gruenwald, produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre on October 2 by A. L. Erlanger, with the following cast:

Prince Radjami of Lahore, Thorpe Bates; Napoleon St. Cloche, John T. Murray; Phillipe La Tourette, Roland Bottomley; Manager Trebizonde, Royal Tracy; Pimprinette, Frank Doane; Colonel Parker, George Grahame; Dewa Singhe, Lionel Chalmers; The Rajah of Punjab, Mortimer White; Reggie, Colin Campbell; Chief Usher, Valentine Winter; Odette Darimonde, Vivienne Segal; Indian Dancer, Princess White Deer.

NOT since the coming to town of "Blossom Time" has the critical ear been regaled with more lovely melodies than in this version of the transplanted "Bajadere" from Vienna. If only the ear might be equipped with some manner of safety valve which would open it when the music started and close it when the jokes began here *would* be a show! The eye is well cared for. Mr. Urban has done adequately, if not strikingly, a few sets in the customary continental style. Miss Segal, when in good voice, which she frequently is, makes for a heroine whose command of the pleasant tunes placed at her disposal is gratifying, and Mr. Bates, a newcomer from London, has a splendid baritone and a most gratiating presence.

Queen o' Hearts

A musical comedy in two acts by Frank Mandel and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, with music by Lewis Gensler and Dudley Wilkinson, produced by Max Spiegel at the George M. Cohan Theatre, October 10, with the following cast:

Tom, Max Hoffman, Jr.; Grace, Norma Terriss; Isabella Budd, Florence Morrison; Ferdinand Budd, Franker Woods; Miss Swanson, Elza Petersen; Alabama (Al) Smith, Georgie Brown; Elizabeth Bennett, Nora Bayes; Henry Rivers, Harry Richman; Myra (Mike), Edna Hibbard; Dudley, Dudley Wilkinson; Alfred Armstrong, Lorin Baker; William Armstrong, Arthur Uttry.

A MISERABLY poor show in all departments is this latest vehicle for the redoubtable Miss Bayes. Given a deft ditty, no one can "plug" it in more expert style than this veteran performer. But unhappily for her there are no d.d.'s in "Queen o' Hearts" nor anything deft of any kind. Miss Bayes must have been in sore need of "material" if starring herself in this uninspired merry-go-round was the best she could do. Vulgarity is being too well done these days to necessitate one's being downright careless in doing it.

The Gingham Girl

A musical comedy in three acts by Daniel Kusell, with music by Albert Von Tilzer, lyrics by Neville Fleeson, produced at the Earl Carroll Theatre on August 28 by Laurence Schwab and Daniel Kusell, with the following cast:

Gus, Edgar Hamilton; Conductor, James T. Ford; Silas O'Day, Walter F. Jones; Jack Hayden, Russell Mack; Libby O'Day, Louise Allen; Mary Thompson, Helen Ford; Harrison Bartlett, Alan Edwards; Mildred Ripley, Winifred Lawshe; John Cousins, Eddie Buzzell; Mazie Lelewer, Isabel Lamon; Sonya Maison, Bertee Beaumont; Sophia Trask, Amelia Summerville.

A FRESH, merry little show equipped with as lively a chorus as I've seen in many a moon is this unpretentious musical comedy. The ornate and expensive need not necessarily be forthcoming when music is as good as Mr. Von Tilzer's and comedy is as good as that which Mr. Buzzell projects into the not overly-gifted book.

"The Gingham Girl" has a distinct flapper quality. It is clean and just a little audacious. It is youthful but plays at sophistication. It will find a big and satisfied audience before it is all done.

Will there ever be a successful musical show in which the heroine is not a poor young girl in desperate straits that climbs out of them with some brilliant idea that makes her and all her friends and her friend's friends a barrel of stage money? Probably not.

Better Times

A mammoth musical spectacle by R. H. Burnside with music by Raymond Hubbell, produced September 2nd at the Hippodrome by Charles Dillingham with the following principals:

Robert McClellan, Fred McPherson, Lorna Lincoln, Marceline, George Herman, Tony Colton, Nanette Flack, Virginia Futrelle, George Kunowitch and Winifred Verina.

TIME to drag out the old bromide "bigger and better than ever." This year, by way of a change, it is true. The big Hip show is by way of being an elephantine Follies—and an elephantine money's worth.

(*Continued on page* 420)

FOREIGN—LETTERS

Liveliest Season in Years Looms Up in Paris

By FLORENCE GILLIAM

THE new season in the Paris theatre is notable for revivals, even in the light of the well-known French penchant for the old and well tried drama. Aside from the bills of the standard repertoire theatres, such well known titles as "Raffles," "La Dame aux Camelias," "Mam'zelle Nitouche," and "Mon Bébé" appear on the September *affiches*. The last named, a gay French transcription of Margaret Mayo's "Baby Mine," rivals "Peg de mon Coeur" in perennial Parisian favor, with Max Dearly still going strong in the part associated in America with the name of Ernest Glendenning.

There are too the prolonged successes whose run has been uninterrupted during the summer. "Phi-Phi" and "Ta Bouche" seem likely to go on forever. It is difficult to explain the attitude of a public which will sustain with equal enthusiasm a spectacle so bad as "Phi-Phi" and another so good as "Ta Bouche," both in the same genre. "Phi-Phi," of course, antedated the latter by some years. It is a very shoddy production, measured by all the standards of modern cleverness and taste. The music can be excused for sounding stale and flat, being now in the stage of the modern antique; but the book is terribly obvious; the stage settings conceived without the correctives of modern simplification have no distinction; the chorus is a joke; and the principals (at any rate at the present writing) are mechanical and uninspired.

Manuel

A comedy scene in "Ta Bouche," the outstanding melody success of the Parisian season. The elementary setting is interesting for its marked contrast to the expansive gorgeousness of our own musical shows.

"TA BOUCHE" BIG MUSICAL HIT

BUT "Ta Bouche"! Done in the exquisite little Théatre Daunou which is like a gold-set sapphire, the walls and chairs in solid blue and old gold and the proscenium wrought in gleaming golden phantasies, "Ta Bouche" is as good of its kind as the playgoer could fondly wish. The plot is frankly sophisticated and not above poking fun at its own lack of logic, though the latter trick is turned in a more delicate way than we have come to look for in George Cohan's well-known, self-spoofing melodramas. A single setting, idly fantastic, is used throughout; and each act is opened by a sort of Greek Chorus, reduced to a trio of amusing and prettily gowned women who gossip the story over the footlights. The title song, *Ta Bouche,* is introduced through the strains of an orchestra from an imaginary casino offstage, haunting the lovers, drawing them into a love duet, and boldly interrupting the action—which is at least more original than pretending to have it burst spontaneously out of the general atmospheric ecstasy. The pleasant scheme of using a good song first for sentimental appeal and then for humorous effect, according to a change in situation, is most adroitly managed in the case of *Ca c'est une chose on ne peut pas oublier,* which is also a most intriguing tune. The parallel love stories, some romantic and some farcical, are all handled with humorous ease. There is every reason for the continued popularity of this masterpiece of trivial perfection.

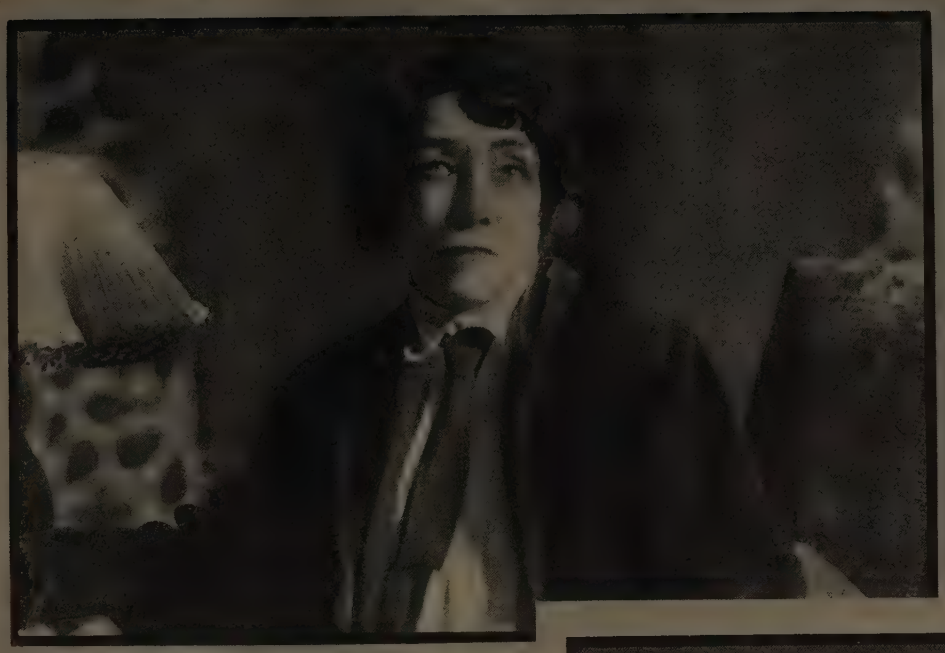
The favorite clichés about the endless vitality and enthusiasm of Sarah Bernhardt were all in order this month when she returned from Belle Ile to Paris. During the summer she had corrected the proofs of her novel which is soon to be published after appearing in serial form, and written part of her book of advice to young actors. Her theatrical plans for the season are amazingly comprehensive. They include a production of Corneille's "Rodogune," a revival of Maurice Rostand's "La Gloire," and the creation of the latter's new poetical play, "Le Sphinx." The most important project of the season is the interpretation, along with Lucien Guitry, of Sacha Guitry's "Adam et Eve," a phantasy recalling Shaw's "Back to Methuselah."

Gemier's new season as director of the Odéon has started off in a whirlwind of discussion. There were rumors of his plans for revolutionizing the dilapidated old National Theatre of the Left Bank. Gemier's achievements at the Théâtre Antoine, the Comédie Montaigne, and the Popular Theatre, gave rise to large speculations as to the innovations to be expected at the Odéon. Just at this time, Max Reinhardt gave out an interview in which he expressed great interest in the work of Gemier and called him the best all-round representative of the French Theatre. Gemier published an open letter in response to this eulogy, in which he added to his expression of appreciation a pointed comment upon the contrasts between the numerous well-equipped theatres at Max Reinhardt's disposal, and the antiquated, inadequate theatrical machinery at his own command. He retailed his struggles to get an appropriation for the Popular Theatre at the Trocadéro, and his difficulties at the Odéon. Then, with a touch of André Antoine's feeling of disillusionment, he announced a definite scheme of retiring after a certain number of years if the struggle proved ineffectual. The most significant part of his letter was a proposal for a kind of world league of artists to rise above all political hatreds, and to provide for an interchange of productions. He announced his willingness to work in other countries and offered his most active co-operation if Max Reinhardt or other foreign artists would consent to come as visiting directors to Paris. There were a few French chauvinists who expressed a feeling that not enough time had elapsed since the war to forget national hatreds, recalling that Reinhardt had signed the "Manifesto of the Ninety-three," and suggesting that propitiatory pledges were necessary to sink that fact into oblivion. A quick answer was forthcoming in the press, listing numerous such pledges in the performance and circulation of French plays, French music, French books and magazines, in Germany, and the German part in the Molière Tricentenary. The only well founded objection to Gemier's plan was sorrowfully offered by Antoine who wondered what Reinhardt or Stanislavsky could do on the stage of the poor old Odéon.

EXTRAORDINARY PROGRAM AT OEUVRE

IN general the more advanced groups have not got under way for the theatrical year of 1922-1923. But at *La Maison de l'Oeuvre* the season opened recently with the announcement of a tremendous program including works of D'Annunzio, Claudel, Maeterlinck, Strindberg, Bjornson, the entire repertoire of Ibsen, plays by young writers of interest, and an exchange with the Italian Experimental

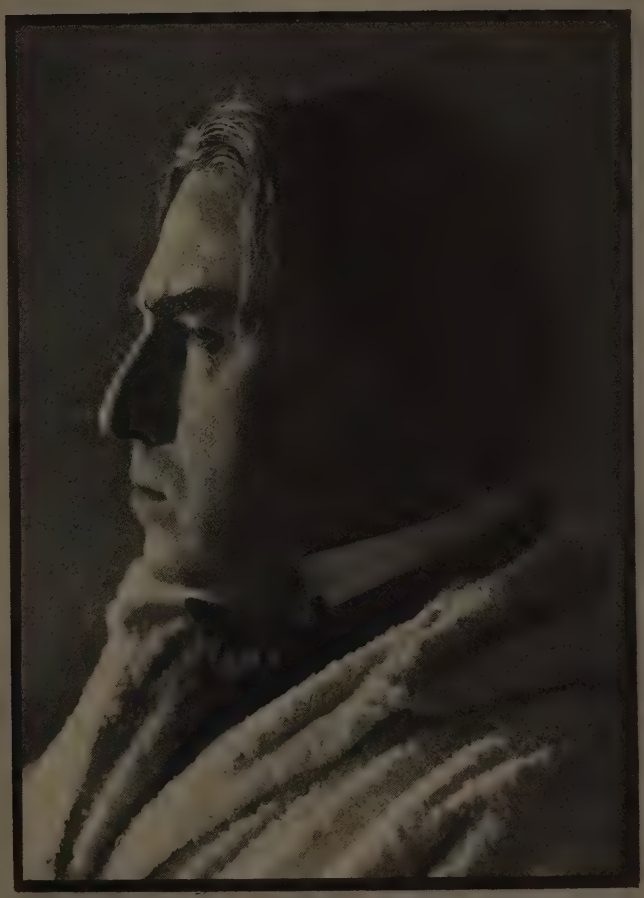
(*Continued on page* 416)



Portraits by Sabourin

SARAH BERNHARDT

A very recent and unusually intimate portrait of the tragedienne taken at her home. There is a reality about the study which forms a striking contrast to the pitiless theatricalism of the picture of Mme. Bernhardt in her dressing-room shown in last month's THEATRE. She appears now to have abandoned her plan for an immediate American tour in favor of creating several new rôles on her native stage, among them "Eve" in Sacha Guitry's new phantasy. The play is said to follow the "Back to Methuselah" pattern.



LUCIEN GUITRY

Accredited by British as well as Parisian critics as being the greatest living French actor, who has returned from a triumphant season in London and seems to have changed his mind about journeying to this country with his son, Sacha, and his daughter-in-law, Yvonne Printemps. Instead, M. Guitry will shortly set about preparing himself to assume the rôle of the first man in his son's "Adam et Eve" in which he is now scheduled to appear with Bernhardt before the season is much older.

ADAM AND EVE

Two Leading Figures of Parisian Stage to Play First Couple

East of Suez

A Play in Four Acts by W. Somerset Maugham

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S latest work for the stage is the product of its author's joint desire to visit the East and write a melodrama. That he has done the latter is unquestioned. Here is a stage thriller of the frankest order, coming oddly enough from a pen that has gone in thus far for little else than subtlety and cynicism. One will find no resemblance to the Maugham of "Our Betters" and "The Circle" in "East of Suez," but one may find interest and entertainment in seeing how one of the greatest living playwrights goes about writing a play for "the people." The latter, incidentally, have taken it enthusiastically to their strange, enigmatic heart.

The following condensation is printed here through the courtesy of Mr. A. H. Woods and the author.

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THE CAST

(*As produced by Mr. A. H. Woods at the Eltinge Theatre*)

Daisy	Florence Reed
George Conway	John Halliday
Henry Anderson	Leonard Mudie
Harold Knox	Geoffrey Kerr
Lee Tai Cheng	Howard Lang
Sylvia Knox	Gypsy O'Brien
Amah	Catherine Proctor
Wu	Nathaniel Sack

The action of the play takes place in Peking.

Act I. Scene 1. Morning.

Small veranda on an upper story of the British-American Tobacco Company's premises, in the upper part of which the staff lives.

Harold Knox is just waking from a nap. His servant, Wu, ushers in Henry Anderson, a good-looking young man of thirty, obviously straightforward and sincere. Amah enters with note for Anderson, who reads it and good-naturedly hints to Knox to go. George Conway enters. He is a tall, dark man in the early thirties, handsome and well built. He has just returned from Fuchow, where he had met Freddy Baker, a friend of theirs, who had married a half caste.

KNOX: Oh, I've got no pity for him. He's just a damned fool . . . It can't be very nice to have a wife whom even the missionary ladies turn up their noses at.

HARRY: You wait till Freddy's number one in Hankow and can entertain. I bet the *white* ladies will be glad enough to know his missus then.

GEORGE: That's just it. He'll never get a good job with a Eurasian wife . . . Jardine's are about the most important firm in China and the manager of one of their principal branches has definite social obligations.

KNOX: I think he's damned lucky if he's not asked to resign.

GEORGE: Somehow or other they seem to inherit all the bad qualities of the two races from which they spring and none of the good ones.

Knox leaves. Harry orders tea for three and tells George he is expecting Mrs. Rathbone, whom he is going to marry. He says she is the widow of an American, only twenty-two, and had been unhappily married.

HARRY: . . (*Suddenly making up his mind*). It's no good beating about the bush. I may as well tell you at once. Her—her mother was Chinese.

GEORGE: (*Unable to conceal his dismay*). Harry! I wish that I hadn't said all that I did just now . . . (*Gravely*). I should have had to say something very like it, Harry. But I shouldn't have put it so badly . . .

HARRY: She's the most fascinating thing you ever met.

GEORGE: Yes, they can be charming. I was awfully in love with a half—with a Eurasian girl myself years ago. It was before you came out to the country. I wanted to marry her . . .

White

HARRY: Oh, Daisy I do want you to forget all the unhappiness you have suffered.

I'd just been appointed Vice-Consul. I was only twenty-three. The minister wired from Peking that I'd have to resign if I did. I hadn't a shilling except my salary and they transferred me to Canton to get me away.

HARRY: It's different for you. You're in the service. I'm only a merchant.

GEORGE: Even for you there'll be difficulties. Has it occurred to you that the white ladies won't be very nice?

HARRY: I can do without their society.

GEORGE: You must know some people. It means you'll have to hobnob with Eurasian clerks and their wives . . . I suppose you've absolutely made up your mind?

HARRY: Absolutely.

GEORGE: In that case I've got nothing more to say. After all the chief concern is your happiness and whatever I can do I will. You can put your shirt on that.

Mrs. Rathbone arrives. She is an extremely pretty woman, beautifully dressed, perhaps a little showily. Her hair is abundant and black and there is only the faintest suspicion of Chinese slant in her eyes.

HARRY: This is George Conway, Daisy.

George stares at her and suddenly recognizes her, but only the slightest movement in his eyes betrays him.

DAISY: I've heard so much about you from Harry that I feel as though we were old friends.

Daisy pours tea and while they are chatting Harry is called downstairs on a business matter.

GEORGE: Why didn't you warn me that it was you I was going to meet? . . Suppose I'd blurted out the truth?

DAISY: I trusted to your diplomatic training. Besides, I'd prepared for it. I told him I thought I'd met you.

GEORGE: Harry and I have been pals all our lives. I brought him out to China and I got him his job. When he had cholera he would have died if I hadn't pulled him through . . . When you've done as much for a pal as I have for him it gives you an awful sense of responsibility towards him . . I'm not going to let you marry him.

DAISY: He's in love with me.

GEORGE: I know he is. But if you were in love with him you wouldn't be so sure of it.

DAISY: (*With a sudden change of tone*). Why not? I was sure of your love. And God knows I was in love with you.

GEORGE: You don't know what sort of a man Harry is. He's not like the fellows you've been used to. He's never knocked around as most of us do . . Even if there were nothing else against you he's not the sort of chap for you to marry. He's awfully English.

DAISY: If he doesn't mind marrying a Eurasian I really don't see what business it is of yours . .

GEORGE: How about the incident at the Hong Kong Hotel? A certain naval officer—

DAISY: You believed that too! . . It was a lie.

GEORGE: All of it?

DAISY: Um—nearly all— . . And suppose what you know is true . . If I'm rotten it's you who made me rotten . . Remember when I first came to Chung-King? I was seventeen. My father had sent me to England to school when I was seven. And after ten years he wrote and said I was to come back to China. You met me at the boat and told me my father had had a stroke and was dead. You took me to the Presbyterian mission . . . And then in a day or two you came and told me that every-

At 16—already touring in road companies

Lenore at the advanced age of 6 months

New York début in "The Mark of the Beast"

As Luana in "The Bird of Paradise"

(*At right*) As the French Canadian in "Tiger Rose"

(*In circle*) Miss Ulric today—very much as she looks in her monumental success. "Kiki"
Motif by Lyman Brown

As Lien Wha in "The Son-Daughter"

(*At left*) As the Indian girl in "The Heart of Wetona"

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGES—No. 3. LENORE ULRIC

Miss Ulric was born at New Ulm, Minnesota, of non-professional parents. She was educated in the public schools of Milwaukee and at an early age went on the stage via a small stock company then playing in her home town. She subsequently played in stock companies at Grand Rapids, Chicago, Schenectady and Syracuse and toured in smaller towns. In 1915 she made her Broadway début at the Princess Theatre in "The Mark of the Beast." It was then that David Belasco saw her and took her for the lead shortly after in "The Heart of Wetona." Subsequent successes with Belasco resulted in her eventually being starred in "The Son-Daughter." She has played an unusual variety of colorful rôles, the most popular of which has been the Parisian *cocotte*, Kiki.

thing my father had left went to his relations in England . . If he was going to leave me like that why didn't he let me stay with my Chinese mother? Why did he bring me up like a lady? Oh, it was cruel . . . I was so lonely . . . I loved you. I thought you loved me . . . In those days I thought that when two people loved one another they married. I wasn't a Eurasian then, George. I was like any other English girl. If you'd married me I shouldn't be what I am now . . .

GEORGE: . . They said that if I married you I'd have to leave the service. I was absolutely penniless. Then dinned it into my ears that if a white man marries a Eurasian he's done for. In my heart I knew it was true . . . I had to kill my love. I tried but I couldn't . . . I made up my mind to chuck everything and take the consequences. I was just starting for Chung-King when I heard you were living in Shanghai with a rich Chinaman.

DAISY: Oh, my God— . . listen— They hated me at the mission. They found fault with me from morning till night. They blamed me because you wanted to marry me . . . . They hated me because I was seventeen. They hated me because I was pretty. They killed all the religion I'd got. There was only one person who seemed to care if I was alive or dead. That was my mother. Oh, I was so ashamed the first time I saw her. At school in England I'd told them so often that she was a Chinese princess that I almost believed it myself. My mother was an ugly old Chinawoman . . . She asked me if I'd like to go to Shanghai with her. I was ready to do anything to get away from the mission and I thought in Shanghai I shouldn't be so far away from you. When we got to Shanghai she sold me to Lee Tai Cheng for two thousand dollars . . . We used the money but I never yielded to Lee Tai . . . He said he'd wait . . . Oh, George, isn't it possible for a woman to turn over a new leaf? Because he'll think me good I shall be good . . . He couldn't have fallen in love with me if I'd been entirely worthless . . . I swear I'll make him a good wife. Oh, George, if you ever loved me have pity on me.

He makes her confess she had never been married at all—that, fearing Lee, she had gone to live with an American in Singapore for four years, and on his death had gone to someone else, her mother always nagging her to go to Lee. She had told Harry her mother was dead. George urges her to tell Harry the truth and let him decide.

DAISY: And break his heart? He believes in me. Tell him if you think you must, if you have no pity, if you have no regret for all the shame and misery you brought on me, but if you do, I swear, I swear to God that I shall kill myself. I won't go back to that hateful life. (*He looks at her earnestly for a moment*).

GEORGE: I shall tell him nothing.

Harry returns and after some talk George exits. The Amah calls for Daisy and asks Harry to let her remain with Daisy after the marriage.

DAISY: She's been with me ever since I was a child.

HARRY: Of course we'll keep her. She was with you when you were in Singapore, wasn't she?

DAISY: Yes, I don't know what I should have done without her sometimes.

HARRY: Oh, Daisy, I do want to make you forget all the unhappiness you have suffered. (*He takes her in his arms and kisses her, while the Amah silently chuckles*).

Act I. Scene 2. Late afternoon. The Temple of Fidelity and Virtuous Inclination. Courtyard of temple is shown, with sanctuary at back. Monks are finishing service. Acolite blows out oil lamps and closes temple doors. Daisy is standing listlessly on Temple steps, the Amah at her feet.

White

GEORGE: Someone's got his knife out for you, old man, and the silly ass stuck it into me instead . . .

DAISY: I've got a husband who adores me and a nice house to live in. I've got a position and as much money as I want. I ought to be happy.

The Amah tells her her husband gives her everything she wants but she has no friends, she is an outcast.

DAISY: If you laugh like that I'll kill you.

The Amah shows her a jade necklace sent by Lee Tai Cheng for her first wedding anniversary, and adds that he is a very clever man—had studied at Oxford and Harvard, and is a graduate of Edinburg University, and he hopes that Daisy will soon come to him. Daisy is enraged and says if he dares come near her she will have him beaten. The Amah then gives her a letter from George saying he will look in for a minute later, and asking Harry to ride with him.

DAISY: At last. I haven't seen him for ten days. Oh, I want him, I want him . . . He only comes now because he does not want to offend Harry. Harry, what do I care for Harry?

Harry enters and she pleads headache and sends him off for his ride alone. George arrives and she chides him for not calling oftener. He tells her they are both old enough to know one does not have to put a foot in the fire to know it burns. On leaving she asks him to kiss her, as it is her wedding anniversary, and as he bends to kiss her hand she draws his face to hers.

DAISY: Sweet as before?

GEORGE: No—even more. Daisy, if you ever wanted revenge on me you've got it!

DAISY: Revenge? What do you mean?

GEORGE: You know damned well what I mean . . . (*He exits*).

DAISY: Oh, God, he loves me!

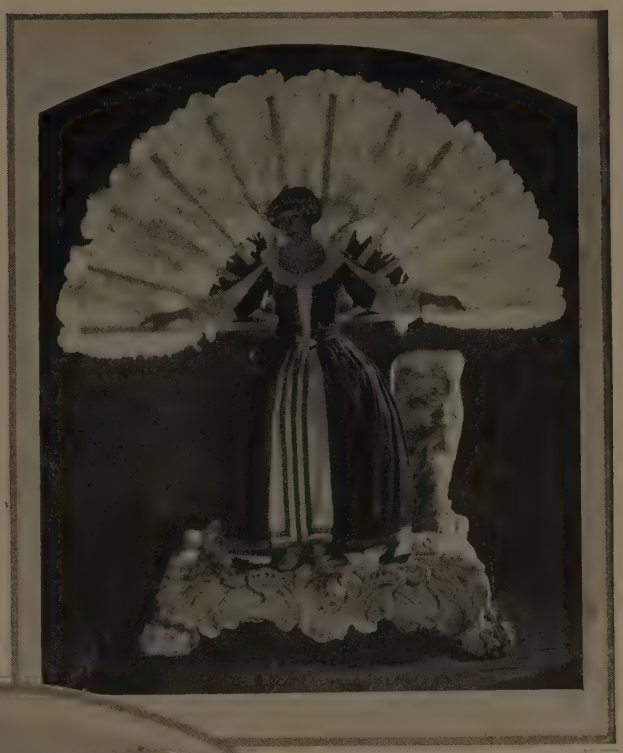
The Amah ushers in Lee Tai, disguised as a curio dealer. He urges Daisy to come to him, saying he knows she hates her husband, that her marriage has done nothing for her but make her an outcast among white people, and he promises to take her anywhere in the world and give her more money to spend in a week than Harry earns in a year. He says Harry can easily be got rid of in a country like China and without any risk to her. She orders Lee Tai to leave. Harry returns and complains that they have been cut by all the white people in Peking and he has applied for a transfer to Chung-King. Daisy is frantic as she realizes he will learn the true story of her past in Chung-King, but she pretends to think that he is ashamed of having married her, goes into hysterics and tells him to leave her alone. The Amah tells her Harry will insist on going to Chung-King once he has made up his mind, and suggests that Lee Tai put him out of the way. She goes to the sanctuary to ask Buddha's advice, while Harry returns with Lee Tai, whom he found in the courtyard, and buys from a him a Manchu dress for Daisy. The Amah is proceeding with the ceremony when Daisy shrieks and runs forward to stop her, but is stopped by Harry at the same moment the Amah turns and says "Buddha he says can do."

DAISY: (*Looking at Harry and smiling*). I'm sorry I was silly and unreasonable just now, Harry.

Act II. Evening. Sittingroom in the Anderson's apartment. Harry and Knox are drinking their port in the dining room. Daisy enters and the Amah takes a skeleton key out of her sleeve, opens the desk, takes out a revolver and removes the cartridges. Daisy looks at her in horror.

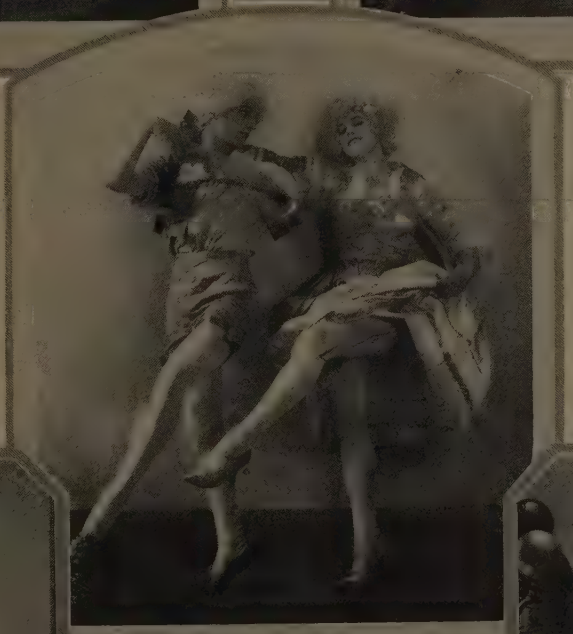
Abbe

Dorothy Lee as one of the Dresden group in the elaborate ballet "The Story of a Fan." Six fans are in each group of the 144 fans carried by the ballet.



Abbe

Victoria Wolfe in the Victoria group of the fan ballet. In addition to the individual fans, thirty-nine large fans of a spread of forty feet open behind the ballet.



Goldberg

William Holbrook and Elna Hanse, the principal dancers of the big show at the "world's largest playhouse" in the Watteau group of the fan ballet. Mlle. Hanse was brought here by Mr. Dillingham from the Danish Royal Opera where she was the *premiere danseuse*.

(Below) Dave Claudius and Lillian Scarlet in a charming number which recalls the "Favorite Melodies of Bygone Days"

Goldberg

(Below) Geneva Ducker, the balloon girl, and Louise Allison, the bubble girl, in the bubble number of "Better Times."

Goldberg

HIP! HIP! HOORAY!

"Better Times" at the Hippodrome Full of Life and Beauty

DAISY: It's not for tonight?
AMAH: I no sabe. (*Puts revolver back as Harry and Knox enter. Harry asks Daisy to put on her new Manchu dress*).
HARRY: Daisy! How Chinese you look . . . You're wonderful. In my wildest dreams I never saw you like that. You're bringing all the East into the room with you.

Knox leaves to go to the station to meet his sister.

DAISY: It's strange that I feel as if these things were made for me.
HARRY: You're almost a stranger to me, and, by God, I hear the East a-calling. Oh, my precious, I love you, I love you. (*Falls on his knees and clasps her in his arms*) . . . My dear, look at yourself in the glass now. You're positively Chinese. (*She looks at her dress and understands. She is a Chinese woman*).

They play chess, when suddenly there is a cry in the street. She says it is only some Chinese quarrelling in the street, and tries to prevent his going out, but the cries for help continue and Harry runs out, as she sinks to the floor and buries her face in her hands. The Amah enters and Daisy tries to run out to Harry, but the Amah holds her back.

AMAH: . . You want Harry dead. Well, I kill him for you.
DAISY: I'd give anything in the world to have him back . . . Oh, what have I done? . .

Harry enters with a coolie whom he has caught, and ties him to the door. Places Wu on watch and goes out again. A man is carried in and Daisy sees that it is George, who has been stabbed. She takes the Amah by the throat and throws her to the ground. Harry, entering, sees this and is astonished. George gradually regains consciousness.

GEORGE: I heard a cry for help, too. I nipped out of my rickshaw and sprinted like hell. I saw some fellows struggling. I think someone hit me on the head . . . Someone's got his knife out for you, old man, and the silly ass stuck it into me instead . . . It's a very old Chinese trick. They just got the wrong man, that's all.
HARRY: By George, that explains why I tripped.
GEORGE: A piece of string across the street. (*Harry and Wu help him out of the room*).

The Amah cuts the rope that binds the prisoner and he escapes. Harry enters and finding the prisoner gone and remembering his revolver had been emptied of cartridges and Daisy's anger with the Amah, becomes suspicious, knowing the Amah has always hated him. He threatens to call the police and give her in charge, and Daisy tells him the Amah is her mother.

Act III. Afternoon. The courtyard in the Anderson's part of the Temple. George is lying down; the Amah is smoking her pipe. Knox enters with his sister, Sylvia, to call on Daisy. Daisy enters and while waiting for tea she takes Sylvia to look over the Temple.
GEORGE: I think it was rather sporting of you to bring your sister to see Daisy.

KNOX: . . I didn't. She brought me . . . When I told her Daisy was a half caste and people didn't bother much about her she got right up on her hind legs . . .
GEORGE: It's very kind of her. Daisy leads a dreadfully lonely life. If they take to one another you won't try to crab it, will you?
KNOX: Would you care very much for your sister to be very pally with a half caste? . . As a matter of fact if Sylvia wants to do a thing she'll do it. And if I try to interfere she's quite capable of telling me to go to the devil.
GEORGE: She has character.

White

DAISY: China is closing in upon me!

KNOX: The fellow she was engaged to was killed in the war. So my father thought she ought to come out here for a bit . . . If she thinks people are sniffy about Daisy she'll stick to her like a leech. However, I dare say she'll get married . . . Why don't you marry her? It's about time you settled down . . . Of course I love having her with me but she does cramp my style a bit. And she ought to marry. She'd make you a first rate wife.
GEORGE: Much too good for the likes of me . .
KNOX: I say, who was Rathbone, Daisy's first husband? . .
GEORGE: Harry told me he was an American. He said he was in business in the F. M. S.
KNOX: That's what Harry told me. I met a fellow the other day who lives in Singapore who told me he'd never heard of Rathbone . . I suppose there was a Mr. Rathbone?

A wedding party passes and Knox calls Sylvia to see it. She enters with Daisy. They watch the procession, and Knox and Sylvia leave. Tea is served. George tells Daisy he is now fully recovered, thanks to her care of him, and that he must be leaving. The Amah enters and says Harry has telephoned that he is obliged to go to Tientsin on important business and will return the following day. George says he must return to his own quarters that evening, but Daisy begs him to stay with her until Harry returns, pleading fear of being left alone.

GEORGE: . . Don't forget it's not only a wound in the lung that I've been suffering from. While you and the doctor between you have been patching that up I've been busy sticking together the pieces of a broken heart. It's nicely set now, no one could tell there'd ever been anything wrong with it, but I don't think it would be wise to give it a sudden jerk . . .
DAISY: Do you know why I wouldn't have a professional nurse, and when you were unconscious for two days refused to leave you for a minute? Do you know why, afterwards, at night when you grew delirious I wouldn't let Harry watch you? I dared not leave you for a single moment. And it was your secret and mine . . . Do you know what you said in your delirium? You used to call me, Daisy, Daisy, as though your heart was breaking . . . You would take my face in your hands so that I could hardly believe you weren't conscious. And you said: I love you.'
GEORGE: Oh, God!
DAISY: . . You thought they were taking me away from you. I can't bear it, you said . . . You thought you held me in your arms and you pressed me to your heart . . . You were so happy that I was afraid you'd die of it. I know what love is and you love me . . The real you is the love that consumes you more hotly than ever the fever did. The only you is the one that loves me. The rest is only frills.
GEORGE: Frills? Its honor, and duty, and decency and self-respect.
DAISY: .. You love me. You might as well try with your bare hands to stop the flow of the Yangtse.
GEORGE: . . Of course I love you. All night I'm tortured with love and tortured with jealousy, but the day does come at last and then I can get hold of myself again. My love is some horrible thing gnawing at my heart strings. I hate it and despise it. But I can fight it, if I couldn't, I'd blow my brains out. Oh, I've been here too long. I ought to have got back to work long ago. Work is my only chance . . .
DAISY: I've loved you from the first day I saw you. I've never loved anyone but you. All these years I've kept the letters you wrote to me. I've read them till I know every word by heart . . . All my pain, all my anguish,

(*Continued on page* 412)

Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE MISSES GISH

Lillian and Dorothy—those fair sisters of the film aristocracy who have found their wings and have left their erstwhile guide and mentor, Griffith, in order to co-star with Richard Barthelmess

The Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

IV.—SAMUEL SHIPMAN

AFFLUENT author of "Lawful Larceny" and just as affluent author of "East Is West," no less. Sammy (nobody ever calls him anything but Sammy—or, at most Shippy) has made a killing writing plays. The highbrows claim they're very bad plays, but Sammy smiles and says they're very good plays. He has a little theory that big ideas can be gotten over to the pee-pul in terms that they understand better than in terms that they can't. And that, therefore, he is doing a public service writing "messages" that are really "delivered." It sounds like common sense and maybe Sammy's right. At any rate he is very rich out of it all and buys all sorts of jewelry to give away to people he likes.

Samuel Shipman has the soul of an intellectual. But the gutter was his common denominator. He says so himself. He comes from the lowest and he has done himself proud. He dreams of writing Ibsen for the masses. Some day he may. In the meantime he mingles heartily with theatrical folk, is universally adored and respected.

He is the shabbiest rich man that ever lived. Russell Sage was a Beau Brummel compared to Sammy. It isn't that he doesn't buy handsome togs. One day he bought thirty dozen pairs of imported silk socks. But he slops them on somehow or other and looks desperately untidy. His hair is never combed, and as he sits at the Ritz (where he always lunches) talking really good stuff to some smartly dressed actor friend who is trying desperately to look as though he understood, one who doesn't know him has an awful time to "place him." Sammy is the beloved ragdoll of Broadway. But his brains are anything but sawdust!

V.—DANIEL FROHMAN

OVER seventy and still going strong. Johnnie Walker and D. F. will soon be in the same class. A great character. The one landmark of little old New York that is as alive today as it was forty years ago. D. F. used to be quite the lad when Daly's was quite a theatre. He had one of the finest stock companies New York has ever known at the Lyceum and raised on the bottle and otherwise every big light in the theatre world today. Henry Miller, David Belasco, who-not, got their primary lessons from the kindly brother of the immortal Charlie.

Today D. F. is theatrically *passé* in one sense but enormously active in another. As a manager he doesn't count any more (he doesn't want to), but as head of the Actors' Fund he is the keystone of one of the biggest interests in Stageland. He gives that splendid charity all his time. He is the actor's biggest creditor.

D. F. has a weakness. He dances. Not just plain home-cooked dancing, but the fancy stuff, dips and everything. He'd rather do a shimmy with a pretty jade than anything in all the world unless it be touring the country roads on his motorcycle. He lives in a studio a-top the Lyceum Theatre. A den of antiques and memories and a hole through which may be seen the play going on on the stage below, a palace of theatrical fascinations in which D. F. holds forth, gives dinners more plain-cooked than his dancing and delights all his guests by his endless naivete and his anecdotes of when Belasco was a lad and got a job from him as call-boy or what-not.

D. F. will listen to anybody. He has helped more people with advice and otherwise than any two people in New York. He never loses his temper. At least, I've only seen him do that once—years ago—with Emma Dunn. He was directing a rehearsal and flared up at her. She flared back and floated out of the theatre on a current of tears. Never again has he lost it, to my knowledge. Not even when he heard that Billie Burke had named two poodles after the two Frohmans, "Charlie" and "Dan." D. F. only smiled quietly and said, "Which is Dan?"

If all managers had his sense, his endless courtesy to all, his judgment (only once did he "flop" badly, when he turned down the script of "The Lion and the Mouse") the theatre would be a grand little place!

VI.—FRANCES STARR

FRANCES STARR smiles out, or looks plaintively out, of every magazine cover I have seen of her husband's since they were married. Rather sure proof that he is deeply in love. Even if he did not evince his preference by following her, lamblike, about. He is like Mary's lamb, plus speech. Meet him. Greet him. And the third sentence will contain her name. The first holds a perfunctory inquiry concerning your health. The second is an indifferent reply to your eagerness about his well being. The third carries the information that he is painting another portrait of his wife and that her beauty is so delicately elusive that she nearly escapes the painter. That is the reason there are so many types of William Haskell Coffin girls, each is different from all the rest, though out of the face of each unmistakably looks Frances Starr. It is a delightful state to to be an amiable obsession of your own husband's.

Husbands may come and husbands may go but Frances Starr, student, will not cease. Miss Starr does not read novels. She admits an abysmal ignorance of the best sellers. But she reads omnivorously of science and psychology.

A curiously well-balanced person the brazen little man-chaser of "Shore Leave." Those who are in the outer circle of her acquaintance characterize her as "cold." She is a bit exclusive. She does not call everybody friend. But her friendships are enduring. I saw a large photograph of her which she told me she was inscribing to one of her twelve best friends. "Twelve?" I asked. "Yes," she lifted her wide gray eyes from the pen point. "Am I not fortunate to have so many?"

A fine loyalty distinguishes Frances Starr. Loyalty to place. Lake George she regards as the beauty spot in the world. For ten summers she has leased a cottage by the lake.

"A trip to Europe for duty," she said to me, "but Lake George for pleasure."

Miss Starr is unafflicted by false pride. She likes to be classed as "One of the Cinderellas of the stage." Her fine modesty appears in another repeated phrase of hers: "I was lucky. There are others as capable as I am who haven't been as lucky." Which may or may not be true.

VII.—JOHN BARRYMORE

THAT'S John Barrymore. The public has called him John since he played the derelict in "Redemption." From that time he has not been called Jack, save by his family and intimates. In that play and in "Justice" and "Richard III" and "The Jesters" he rose above the familiarity of nicknames.

But there was a time when everybody called him Jack. That was while he was an illustrator. Yes, indeed! He drew cartoons for one of the yellow papers. That was the goal of his ambition. Queer,

(*Continued on page* 418)

NEXT MONTH: EDGAR SELWYN, ARTHUR RICHMAN, ALAN DALE and LENORE ULRIC.

Eddie Buzzell makes the chorus pass judgment on a new comic song. What can the poor dears do but grin and bear it?

(*At right*) The girls—super-flappers, all of them, crowd a stage entrance to watch a dance number being "put across" with a little expert direction.

Lucille Moore—just one of the young ladies who dance—sits still a minute and watches the birdie.

(*Below*) Elsie Lombard—another of the young ladies who dance—strikes a defiant attitude and tells Eddie Buzzell what she thinks of his jokes!

(*In oval*) Helen Ford—none other than the prima donna herself—finds a moment of rest on a trunk. The stage cat seems to be sharing her lunch.

Pictures by Abbe

DRESSING UP "THE GINGHAM GIRL"

A Popular Musical Show in the Throes of Final Rehearsal

The Nugents Charm Broadway

The "Kempy" Family Has Lived a Story-Book Existence

By ALTA MAY COLEMAN

RUTH, ELLIOTT and DAD
("Mother" just wouldn't have her picture taken!)

IMAGINE a man aged by twenty years of disappointment, a man gaunt and lean, hair grizzled, cheeks furrowed, mouth wry with the smile of self-mockery, his burning eyes desperately bright as he scans the morning papers spread before him like a ghostly doom-book in the green light of the city's dawn. His forty-first play is a success! Fame! Fame at last!

Such is the romantic tale told on Broadway—by movie writers, surely—of J. C. Nugent and his play "Kempy."

Mr. Nugent appears in the doorway of his dressingroom at the Belmont Theatre and chuckles. The story is belied.

He is not gaunt—a roly-poly man, Mr. Nugent. His round face, scrubbed of the make-up that transforms him into "Dad" Bence, glows with health and good humor. His softly outlined mouth with its short upper lip is innocent of grimness. His tousled forelock of reddish brown hair perks up like a Leyendecker Cupid's. His blue eyes cache a knowing twinkle.

"'Kempy' *is* my forty-first play and I *have* been writing them for twenty years," he avows, "—in odd moments. I never had any longing to dip my pen in a gorgeous bottle of blue-black ink and write my name on fame's eternal scroll. I just wanted to write a good play—you know, to see if I could. And I kept at it—"

"—till you did. How does it feel, Mr. Nugent, this business of being a success?"

"Well, now, I eat the same things for breakfast and the sun shines just the same. Of course I am kind of surprised at the fuss they're making and I can't say as it makes me mad. We figured 'Kempy' as a bit of light summer entertainment, Elliott and I. And Mother and I figured it would give Elliott and Ruth a chance to show what they could do at acting—"

"KEMPY" NOT A GARRET CREATION

THUS banish all ideas that "Kempy" was written in a lonely garret. A product of the home circle, this wholesome comedy, with Mother as inspiration and adviser; son Elliott, who has just completed a course of journalism at Ohio State University, as chief assistant; the home town, Dover, Ohio, contributing incidents, characters, and local color; and the parlor of the old homestead "The Oaks" supplying details for the stage setting.

A fine lad of twenty-three is Elliott, with the taut leanness of an all-around athlete. And Ruth, a clear-eyed maiden of seventeen with fresh rose-leaf complexion and a thick braid of red-gold hair—none of your flapper nonsense about Ruth. They came bounding up the stairs, still in their make-up, escorting a visitor—Will Rogers — who commenced his friendship with the Nugents in vaudeville—how long ago was it? Ruth was a baby at the time, not more than four—why, it's thirteen years if it's a day! Will was then doing his act with the horse! And Elliott, just turned nine, was spouting a monologue! Through the cheery talk of old times, we threaded the epic of the author of "Kempy"—no fevered history of stalking ambition—but the pleasanter tale of a good citizen who whistled while he worked.

Born fifty years ago in Niles, Ohio, John Charles Nugent distinguished himself at school as speaker and reciter. The neighbors claimed that Johnny got the gift of talking from his father who was a local labor leader. His career suffered a hiatus when the family transferred their home to Marshall, Texas, and at fourteen, Johnny was a freckled-faced, bare-foot boy toting water for the gang working on the railroad.

But four years later, he was "on the stage" in earnest, playing all the varied characters that fall to a beginner's lot in stock, and long before he had graduated to such rôles as Nero in Eugenie Blair's production of "Quo Vadis" in her Cleveland company, young Mr. Nugent began to dally with the idea of writing a play. He worked with Willard Mack in the west as playwright as well as actor. He read all the innumerable books on dramatic technique—he has always been a great reader. Emerson, Spencer, Huxley and particularly Ruskin are his favorites.

In 1900, his three-act comedy "An Indiana Romance" was produced at the Lafayette Theatre, Washington, D. C. The resultant publicity introduced him to vaudeville. Billed as the "actor-author," he made his début at Keith's Union Square as a headliner on the bill with Elsie Janis, Kate Elinore and Pauline Hall. For twenty years he has remained a headliner, writing a new sketch each season, "The Rounder," "The Squarer," "The Meal-Hound," "The Regular"—ninety-three one-act plays he has written for himself and other vaudevillians. Ninety-three one-act plays and forty-one three-act plays!

For the past three years he has been presenting a monologue in which he speaks on subjects suggested by the audience, elucidating each in a half-minute talk, witty and epigrammatic, with an unusual command of English and a lightning-like clarity. No doubt about it, J. C. Nugent knows how to boss the English language.

To make words say exactly what you mean is no easy task. To combine them so that they win laughter, and at the same time accurately portray character, and also carry forward the action of a plot is more than three times as hard. The dramatist's difficulties pile up like compound interest. In "Kempy," Mr. Nugent proved that he could make words say what he meant, when he meant three things at once. He has written—not a great play as he is only too ready to point out—but a good one.

THE NUGENT PLAY-WRITING PHILOSOPHY

A PLAY is the essence of all a man knows," says Mr. Nugent. "How can we expect great plays? In all walks of life, there are not half a dozen great men on the earth at one time. A great play can be written only by a great man. Since 'Monte Cristo', there have been less than twenty plays of deep originality. The rest are by-products—different versions of familiar ideas. The play that impressed me most in recent years is Barrie's 'Dear Brutus.' Shaw? Well, now, Shaw—I'm sure he'd be worried about what a vaudeville actor thinks of him. But I find him too cynical and paradoxical. I hold with John Ruskin when he said: 'In these days of book deluge, never read anything that makes you doubt or makes you bitter.' Plays or books—I believe it's better to fight shy of anything that lessens our usefulness."

This wholesome philosophy is responsible for the charm of "Kempy." There is no villain in the piece, nothing base or sordid. "Dad" and "Ma" Bence, their three daughters, their daughters' beaux—all of the characters in Mr. Nugent's comedy are sound at heart. Their foibles make us laugh—but with the kindly laughter that we give to those who are dear to us.

And this same philosophy, which is the very spirit of true Americanism, is responsible for the charm of the Nugent family. J. C. Nugent now turns it into drama, but he and his wife have always put it into action. It is the very instinct of Mother. For twenty years an actress—she has played

(*Continued on page* 416)

Victor Georg

Horwitz

VIRGINIA MAGEE

Who after the briefest of screen trainings is already playing leads—most recently with Richard Barthelmess in his latest release, "The Bond Boy"

KATHRYN McQUIRE

A charming graduate of Mack Sennett's classes for comediennes who is now working on a new burlesque to be called "The Shriek of Araby"

Evans

HELEN FERGUSON

A Chicago girl who has been placed under contract by Goldwyn and will be seen shortly in the leading rôle of a dramatic feature called "Hungry Hearts"

NEW LIGHTS IN DARK HOUSES

A Trio of Attractive Starettes Who Are Winning Popularity in the Films

M · U · S · I · C

The World of the Concert Halls Begins to Stir

Conducted by ROBERT NATHAN

(The following is from the pen of Katharine Lane Spaeth, musical critic of the Evening Mail, *who will assume charge of this department until Mr. Nathan recovers from a present illness—The Editors.)*

IF you asked the rotund ticket-taker at Carnegie Hall what he thought about the musical season, he might be a trifle gloomy. "Well, it looks as if they would play two a day here from December to April. They will sell standing room for the favorites, and the others will give out paper. So I won't get much time to myself."

Musical novelties do not mean much in the lives of the uniformed ones at Aeolian and Town Halls, either. One season is much like another to them, only more so. If Nedelka Simeonova plays her violin at a matinee recital, why Raymond Burt may make his New York début as a pianist in the evening. Eager and anxious friends presenting punched tickets look just the same as those excited enthusiasts who bought seats for Gabrilowitch or Spalding or Reinald Werrenrath. When the artist is feminine, there is a faint thrill in counting the flower baskets, and when Heifetz plays, a ticket-taker with a sharp elbow may get in a dash of self-expression upon the jostling crowds.

PADEREWSKI'S RETURN

PERHAPS a near-Melba or an almost-Kreisler may be discovered among the crop of début-makers, and this must be the hope of the musically alert, for few glittering virtuosi not heard here before have been announced by the managers. Ignace Paderewski is heralded. His reputation will lure the crowds, but the great Pole has passed his sixtieth birthday and pianistic fingers do not grow more flexible with age. Besides, during the past eight years, Mr. Paderewski has had little time for practice.

A famous Liszt pupil, Frederick Lamond, may try American key-boards in their home towns for the first time in his fifty-five years. He is a Scotchman who looks like Beethoven. His marriage to a well-known German actress has kept him much in Germany where they will not permit him to play any music but Beethoven's. Possibly a sentimental taste for resemblance makes the German public arbitrary, but if Lamond comes to the States, he will be given freedom of choice —among composers, anyhow.

Among the string quartets, the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco has already made a sturdy impression. This is the first professional quartet to be composed entirely of Americans, none of whom were born East of the Mississippi Valley. This is of vital importance to those who confuse patriotism with art, as what Gerryflapper did not, when Jeritza sang Farrar's rôles last season?

There will be plenty of chamber music. The New York String Quartet, founded by Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer, means to specialize in novelties, having given a new work by the Bohemian composer, Novak, at its first concert in October. And the Flonzaleys will play to the usual group of serious listeners, with the Lenox Quartet, the New York Trio, the Letz and the Wendling four from Stuttgart offering their varied harmonic seductions.

Probably the most significant adventure in the orchestral world is the new City Symphony Orchestra, founded by Senator Coleman du Pont and a group of New York business men. This is a sort of "music for everybody at anybody's price," especially for the series of "pop" concerts to be given on thirteen Sunday afternoons at the Manhattan Opera House. Here, an orchestra seat will cost but one dollar, and a family circle seat but a quarter.

Campbell

DIRK FOCH

Who has been brought from Holland in the wake of his noted compatriot, Mengelberg, to take the baton of the new City Symphony Orchestra which is to give "music for everybody at anybody's price."

Dirk Foch of Holland will conduct, and the eighty-three musicians have been selected from men who have had experience in the orchestras of the Philharmonic, New York Symphony, Boston and Metropolitan Opera. Eleven members of the string section were former concert-masters, and among the soloists already engaged are Erika Morini, violinist; Elena Gerhardt, Paul Bender, the new baritone from the opera-house; Julia Glass, a prodigy-child pupil of Lambert's, and Darius Milhaud, composer-pianist.

Milhaud should be featured as a novelty, for he is one of the most daring and unconventional composers of France, a member of the "Groupe des Six," so-called musical Radicals. He makes his New York début as piano soloist with the City Orchestra in one of his own works. This young Parisian futurist, only thirty years old, has produced two piano suites, a prize winning sonata for violins and piano, an opera to be given in Paris this season, many songs and string quartets.

Of course, the visiting orchestras will do business as usual. The Philadelphians, directed by Leopold Stokowski, give ten concerts on Tuesday evenings in Carnegie Hall, and the Bostonians an equal number on Thursday nights and at Saturday matinees.

Those melody-seekers who applaud whenever a familiar tune is played have now had a chance to hear Saint-Saens' "The Swan" in its original suite, "The Carnival of Animals," with which Walter Damrosch opened the New York Symphony Orchestra season on October 29th. This waggish zoological fantasy is in fourteen parts, with such diverting titles as "Royal March of the Lion, Hens and Roosters"; "Gentlemen with Long Ears," "The Bird House"; "Pianists"; "Fossils".

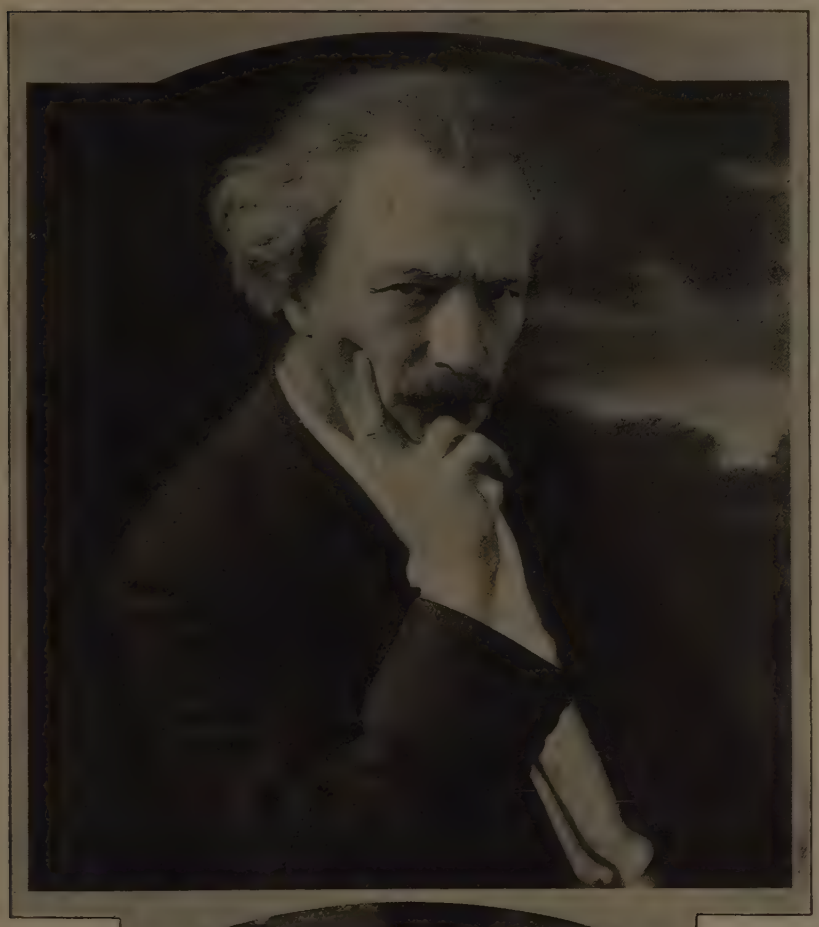
If pianists minded when the suite was first played at a private recital in Paris nearly 35 years ago, they have forgiven the genial Saint-Saens, for with the exception of the single movement "Le Cynge," he kept the fantasy locked up during his life-time. It was released for public performance in Paris last February.

SOME VISITING CONDUCTORS

VISITING conductors will give Damrosch and Stransky odd moments of leisure. Willem Mengelberg comes at mid-season and Albert Coates returns in January to delight the devotees of athletic directing.

Bruno Walter, the retiring conductor of the Munich Opera, comes to the New York Symphony in February to wave his baton over three concerts. He has directed at Cologne, Hamburg, Vienna, Breslau, Riga and Berlin. In spite of this, Mr. Walter has told an interviewer that he looks forward to his visit to the States, because touring is exactly what he wants, "after so many years of constant sameness, however agreeable."

One stimulating bit of news is the assurance that the backers of a symphony orchestra are actually to get some fun out of spending their money. The Symphony Society of New Jersey, Inc., is made up of both professional and amateur musicians. Men who have contributed generously to the fund will be seen scraping at cellos, blowing horns and perhaps, if good, a financier will be allowed the cymbals!



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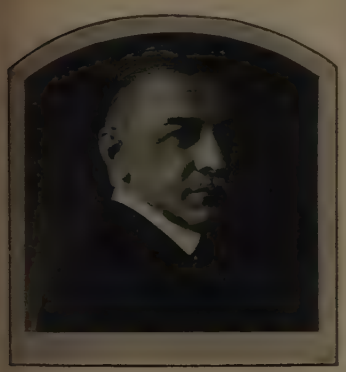
IGNACE PADEREWSKI

Who after eight years devoted to the resurrection of liberty in his native Poland is returning to the concert stage of which he still remains the reigning pianistic king. The music world awaits his second début with enormous interest.

JASCHA HEIFETZ

(*Right*) Than whom there is no more attractive or talented figure in the well-filled world of the Stradivarius. Following his recent return from Europe, Mr. Heifetz played as is usual, to an over-crowded Carnegie Hall.



Whiting

RUDOLPH GANZ

Who, as conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, as pianist of unusual ability and perhaps chiefly as a composer is one of the outstanding figures in music today. He is to concertize as usual this year.

Lipnitzski

Mishkin

JULIA GLASS

A youthful pianiste, pupil of the noted American pedagogue, Alexander Lambert, who so stirred the audiences of the National Symphony last year as to be among the first engaged by the new City Symphony.

IN THE CONCERT WORLD

Four Figures That Command Attention As Instrumentalists of Exceptional Power

One does not hear of Effie Shannon these days as often as in the old days when she was one of the great Broadway stars. Recently she has been in the movies and is seen here with Lew Cody in "The Secrets of Paris"

Another old favorite that had passed from the spotlight of Times Square into the tranquillity of momentary retirement has returned again to act. Here is Rose Coghlan with Lew Cody in "The Secrets of Paris"

Pola Negri, newly arrived in Hollywood for her first American picture, hastens to try out the much vaunted native orange. With her is Jesse L. Lasky, her producer (*right*) and George Fitzmaurice who will direct the famous Polish star

(*In oval*) Perennial beauty is the possession of Edna Wallace Hopper who, though past fifty, still looks as charming as when a star with the original Floradora company. Miss Hopper is a living testimonial to the merits of plastic surgery

Pictures by Keystone

Now that Georges Carpentier has succumbed to the redoubtable black man, Siki, it is probable that he will remain in the films permanently. He is seen here climbing into his make-up as the hero of his first picture "The Gipsy Cavalier"

This is not a secret society passing the mystic signs but merely a handful of Chicago Opera ballet girls rounding out their angles in rehearsal for the new season. Conductor Polacco (*left*) and Adolph Bolm, the noted ballet master, seem to be assisting in the ceremony

HERE AND THERE

Folks and Facts of Interest From Coast to Coast

HEARD ON BROADWAY

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait

HENRY MILLER doesn't enunciate any too distinctly on the stage. As a result, it is often difficult to hear him—especially if one is sitting far back in a large theatre. When "La Tendresse" opened in Atlantic City there was almost a riot of "louders" in the back of the house. Mr. Miller ordered the curtain rung down and made an indignant speech calling down the audience for its rudeness. Jeers! He then offered to refund the money of anyone who wished it. Several took advantage of the offer. I, for one, cannot blame them. There is nothing more annoying than to pay to hear a play and *not* hear it.

GEORGE BEBAN is being more or less blacklisted out Hollywood way. It is said he made the slight *faux pas* of calling all picture people "dumb-bells," and they have resented the imputation. They say that as a matter of fact the intellectual seat of America is in Hollywood, with a small over-flow in Los Angeles.

MAUGHAM IRE STIRRED

I HEAR SOMERSET MAUGHAM is getting hotter under the collar all the time as the news filters through to him of the liberties taken with his script of "East of Suez" by the Woods directing force. I'm looking for a little trouble.

I was informed that MARIA JERITZA was singing in Vienna this summer for sixty thousand kronen an evening. Sounds big, doesn't it? Probably about $6.79 cash money.

Movie censorship idiocies continue. Pennsylvania has now banned the word "crook." That will, of course, have an immediate deterring effect on all the young men who had elected to become one.

LAWRENCE REAMER has left off dramatic reviewing for the *Herald* and turned eagerly to writing editorials for the same paper. No more first nights for him, says he, with the ring of gratitude in his voice. He has been to enough to earn the tranquillity of an editorial desk.

AN ALL-STAR SOIREE

A SUPPER party at the Coffee House Club was given in honor of MARIE TEMPEST upon her return to this country. Among those present were: INA CLAIRE, LAURA HOPE CREWS, MARY NASH, DORIS KEANE, BLANCHE BATES, LENORE ULRIC, CARLOTTA MONTEREY, MADGE KENNEDY, ELSIE FERGUSON, ALMA GLUCK, PHOEBE FOSTER, TALLULAH BANKHEAD, ALEXANDRA CARLISLE, DOROTHY DONNELLY, JULIA HOYT, CLAIRE EAMES, MARY BOLAND, ELISABETH RISDON and JULIETTE CROSBY.

It is said that several motion picture companies are trying to secure the services of MARGUERITE MATZENAUER, the contralto, but like LOUIS CALVERT and many others, she remains deaf to their entreaties.

SIDNEY BLACKMER, who is now playing in "The Love Child," will be seen next season in the stage version of RAFAEL SABATINI'S "Scaramouche," which CHARLES L. WAGNER will produce. REX INGRAM will make the screen version.

RUTH CHATTERTON will not have her photograph taken and will not be interviewed. A novel way to get publicity!

FAME SEEKS THE "CHAUVE-SOURIS"

THE most brilliant audience I had ever seen in New York—not excluding even operatic first nights—was at the audience of the first bill of the "Chauve-Souris." But even that was eclipsed by the audience at the opening of the third bill on October 10th. I was in a sea of social and artistic lions. With a feather-duster I could have tickled the noses of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, MARY PICKFORD, JOHN BARRYMORE, WILLIAM R. HEARST, OTTO H. KAHN, JASCHA HEIFETZ, SOPHIE BRASLAU, ISADORA DUNCAN, COLONEL HOUSE, CLARENCE MACKAY, and who not. Signor GEST believes in attaching his wagon to the whole milky way.

It is astonishing how closely MARION COAKLEY resembles MARION DAVIES. At that dancing club for professionals, the Sixty Club, the other night, VINCENT SERRANO came up and congratulated Marion C. on her excellent work in "When Knighthood Was In Flower." I hope no one ever throws anything at Marion D. for her excellent work in "Wild Oats Lane"!

It now looks as if MARJORIE RAMBEAU would positively be seen as Rosalind in "As You Like It" before the end of the season.

MARGARET LAWRENCE is one of the few players who refuses, I understand, to tour.

Why does a person go to one hotel and not another? I should like to know why the FAIRBANKSES, Mary and Doug, always go to the Ritz? Why GLORIA SWANSON and CHARLES RAY think the Plaza is the place? Why HAROLD LLOYD picks the Biltmore and VIOLA DANA the Gotham? What sends LOUISE GLAUM inevitably to the McAlpin and RODOLPH VALENTINO to the quiet halls of the Waldorf-Astoria? ANN FOREST to the Netherlands and the rest of 'em to the Algonquin? Answer me these questions, oh oracle!

What is the matter with theatrgoers out of town? Do they not want good plays? Apparently not, for various managers have sent out on the road this year several of last season's successes with able actors in the casts, only to bring them back on account of poor business. Just recently a stock company gave a magnificent performance of "Jane Clegg" with SUE MacMANAMY and JOHN WESTLY in the leading parts and played to less than fifteen hundred dollars on the week. The following week the same company presented "Getting Gertie's Garter" to overflowing business, with the result it was held over for a second week. What is the answer?

THIS IS THE STORY!

WHEN FAY BAINTER played "East Is West" in San Francisco, she wagered she could travel about Frisco's Chinatown in her Ming Toy costume without being recognized as an American. She not only won the bet, but gained a good publicity story besides.

It appears that ZELDA SEARS has retired permanently from the stage, in order to write. Already she has sold a new play to MITZI. Besides plays, Miss SEARS writes stories for the fiction magazines.

I was nearly run over by an automobile while crossing Forty-fifth Street and upon looking to see who my assassins were I found CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, GRACE LARUE, WILLIAM GAXTON and ROBINSON NEWBOLD motoring out to Miss Greenwood's home in Great Neck, where they were going to rehearse for the new Music Box Revue.

WILLIAM HARRIS, JR. nearly tore out his remaining three hairs when it was apparent at the dress rehearsal of "R. U. R." how big it was going over. It seems the manuscript reclined in the Harris office for several weeks and was returned to Europe unread.

Met BOOTH TARKINGTON in the lobby of the hotel in which he was stopping for a few days. It seems he had run down from his home in Kennebunkport, Maine, to confer with M. et Mme. Ziegfeld concerning the new play he was written for the pretty Billie. It is called "Rose Briar." Together they selected a cast and Mr. Tarkington left for another year of seclusion. A quieter genius never lived.

GILMORE AND HOWARD JOIN

IT is almost positive that MARGOLA GILMORE and LESLIE HOWARD will play the two leading parts in the new Milne play, "The Romantic Age."

The courage and "tradition" of the stage was evidenced, when FLORENCE SHIRLEY played her part in "Why Men Leave Home" recently, just a few hours after the death of her mother.

During the summer ANN NICHOLS asked the members of her "Abie's Irish Rose" company to accept a twenty-five percent cut in their salaries, promising that if they would she would make it up to them as soon as the regular season started. They consented, and during the last week of September, Miss Nichols paid them all the extra money due them. A novel summer arrangement that should be done more often.

MAUDE HANNAFORD has returned covered with glory from Australia where she registered a big hit with theatregoers for her work in "Adam and Eva," "The Sign on the Door" and "Scandal." She is now leading woman for Leo Ditrichstein in his new play "The Mountebank."

Hardly a night goes by but what either LEON ERROL or WALTER CATLET improvise two or three new lines into "Sally" with the result that after over two years of playing, it was found necessary to cut out twenty minutes before the opening in Philadelphia! Even then "Sally" is the first to ring up and the last to ring down.

HELEN WARE walked carefully into SUE MacMANAMY'S apartment. "Why do you walk so lightly," questioned Miss MacManamy. "Oh," exclaimed Miss Ware, "I thought you had just had your floors painted, but now I see it is just a light coat of dust."

IT'S A SMALL WORLD!

A STRANGE coincidence is that when LOUIS F. WERBA decided to return to the stage, one of the first members of the company to be engaged for an important part was LILYAN TASHMAN, who was in the chorus of the last piece he produced some years ago, "Her Little Highness," with MITZI.

It was a brilliant opening night for PERCIVAL KNIGHT and his new play "Thin Ice." About one hundred brother Lambs turned out to give him welcome in addition to BLANCHE BATES and several other celebrities.

It was an unusual sight to see two of Broadway's most popular players viewing the Pancho Villa-Johnny Buff fight in Ebbett's field, Brooklyn, not long ago. On close inspection, they proved to be ANN PENNINGTON and WANDA LYON.

Throughout its run at the Selwyn Theatre, "Partners Again" had no less than twelve different leading women.

Broadway was not a little surprised to hear of the marriage of BLANCHE YURKA and IAN KEITH.

November 15th is JAMES MONTGOMERY'S lucky day. That was the day on which "Irene" opened in New York, and he vows he will not produce his newest musical comedy "The Little White House" unless it can open in New York on that day.

CLIFTON WEBB, one of our favorite dancing juveniles, and last seen over here in "Broadway to Piccadilly" is now playing the title rôle in "Phi-Phi" at the London Pavilion.

A LITTLE TALK WITH DOUG

I HAD a lengthy conversation with DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in his rooms at the Ritz during his most recent visit to the East, which he admits can in no way compare with the West. Here are a few of the facts I learned. His next picture will be "Monsieur Beaucaire" and Edward Knoblock will do the screen adaptation. LADY DIANA MANNERS may be his leading woman. EVELYN BRENT has been put under contract by MR. FAIRBANKS. He has theatres in the following cities: New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, London, Paris, Rome, Stockholm, Barcelona, Lisbon, Madrid, Tokio, Shanghai, Havana, Brussels, and is seen in every principal city of every important country. He has fifty-seven personal offices scattered throughout the world. He marvels in the terrific and rapid growth of Los Angeles. He will spend a short time in Mexico before starting on his next picture. He will return West by the Panama Canal. He is staunch in his conviction that GOOD pictures will always pay, proof: the production of "Robin Hood" was made with the profits on "The Three Musketeers." He is none too keen on the "star system." I can also safely prophesy the early joint appearance on the screen of Mary and Doug.

GEORGE GATTS is soon to present EUGENE O'BRIEN in a new stage play from the pen of ROBERT L. DEMPSTER, once an actor himself, which deals with motion picture life. It is said to have nothing in common with "Merton of the Movies."

Speaking of "Merton of the Movies," I ran down to see it open at the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn. The house had a real New York "first night." Among those in the audience were: RICHARD BARTHLEMESS, MARY HAY, DOROTHY GISH, GUY BOLTON, P. G. WODEHOUSE, JOSEPHINE VICTOR and the inevitable FAIRBANKSES, as well as the authors GEORGE KAUFMAN and MARC CONNELLY. After the second act curtain Miss Pickford was compelled to "take a bow" in response to the applause directed toward her box.

E. LYLE SWETE, the English actor who has appeared prominently on this side both as actor and producer, is now a member of the cast of "The Philatelist," of which he is the author. It is under the management of The Interlude Players at the Kingsway Theatre.

NOT TO MENTION PUNCH & JUDY

ALMOST every manager hesitates before presenting a play with an unhappy ending, yet does one ever stop to consider the fact that those which have *lasted the longest invariably have unhappy endings.* Such as Shakespeare's plays, fr'inst, and almost every grand opera.

At every performance RODOLPH VALENTINO attended in New York, he was the center of attraction, even at the opening of NORA BAYES' newest piece. Mr. Valentino is now compelled to sit tight and await developments regarding his contract with Famous Players-Lasky. To quote him, "I am not able to earn a living at the present time." He has had all sorts of offers: stage, movies and vaudeville, but is forced to ignore them all.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

C. P. Nelson

THE CANADIAN PLAYERS

In an isolated section of British Columbia, miles from any railroad, Carroll Aiken and his wife, fruit ranchers, gave expression to their dream of many years, in the building of The Home Theatre, above the fruit packing house of their ranch. Here in August of this year was given a Passion Play, "Victory in Defeat," so reverent in its inception and spirit, and so exquisitely produced that it held an audience of small farmers, shop people, educated Canadians, more sophisticated Europeans and a scattering of Okanagan Indians.

The Episodes of "Victory in Defeat"—three of which are reproduced—were acted in complete silence, save for musical accompaniment with changing scenes, but always against a sky of fluid light that followed the mood and nature of the action. Each episode was preceded by the reading set forth in the Programme. Churches and religious groups might well follow the lead of the Canadian Players whose production "Victory in Defeat" is a distinct contribution to religious drama.

These scenes portray three episodes: *top*, "The Crucifixion," *center*, "On the Steps of the Temple," *lower*, "The Adoration of the Christ Child."

Star dust and dreams are the stuff of which the children's play "The Land Where the Good Dreams Grow" is made, and Sybil Eliza Jones and Egbert Pettey of Pasadena Community Playhouse gave it a delightful production entirely in harmony with the spirit of the little play. The scene is from the second act with the tiny tots at the Gate of Dreams.

The Land Where the Good Dreams Grow

A Dance Fantasy For Children

By NELLIE BURGET MILLER

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Drama League Prize Play for 1922, produced for the first time by the Junior Community Players of Pasadena, with the support of the Drama League.

SPEAKING CHARACTERS

The POET with his sack of dreams
BABETTE, the mountaineer's daughter
CEDRIC, the mountain simpleton
The SAND MAN

DANCERS

Solo Dancers:
- TWILIGHT
- EVENING STAR
- POPPY LADY
- DAWN

Chorus Dancers:
- Falling Leaves
- Evening Shadows
- Fireflies
- Moonbeams
- Dream-maidens
- The Asphodel Sprites
- Little Bad Dreams
- The Trolls
- The Little Mince Pie Dreams
- The Live Bunnies
- The Columbines and the Mountain Zephyrs
- The Sunbeams

SYNOPSIS

PART ONE—THE POET, THE FOOL AND THE CHILD. Babette, the mountaineer's daughter, encounters the Poet with his pack of dreams upon his back, and is permitted to peep at the fragile winged things he carries there. The poet goes grumbling good-naturedly toward home and the work-a-day world that awaits him. Cedric, the mountain simpleton, who believes it his daily task to put the birds to bed and waken them at dawn, meets Babette and tells her that if she dares to tarry till the evening shadows gather and follow the Sand Man upon his nightly round she may discover the land where the good dreams grow.

Babette lingers till twilight comes and deepens into night. She sees the Sand-Man and follows him stealthily.

INTERLUDE—THE "SLEEPY SHEEP SONG."

The Sand-Man leads the sleepy children to their beds, counting the sheep jump over the fence as they go. Babette follows.

PART TWO—THE LAND WHERE THE GOOD DREAMS GROW.

Outside the City of Sleep with its doors where the good and bad dreams find egress, Babette sinks to sleep. The Poet, reading from his book, passes through the door of the good dreams. The Poppy Lady enters, notes the sleeping child and compassionately bars the ivory door through which the Bad Dreams come, but Cedric slips in and mischievously sets it ajar. The Bad Dreams haunt the sleeping child until the Poppy Lady discovers her plight and soothes her with happy visions from the low dark door. As dawn approaches the dreams all retire and the sun awakens Babette.

The Poet finds her with compassion but she exults in the thought that now she, too, has dreams that may find wings and fly. Cedric catching her exultation wakens his birds to joyous song.

PART ONE

SCENE 1—(*Pleasant wooded glade with mountains in background. Late afternoon. From trail at rear right the POET enters; he is old and shabby and carries a pack on his shoulders. As he reaches the level ground he pauses, wipes his brow and shifts the pack to the other shoulder, he is whistling very softly and cheerily.*)

POET:

Another golden day I've spent right royally,
I've held its hours up and watched them fall
Without regret in Time's old hour-glass.
Another *wasted day* Janet will cry—
Ho hum, well after all 'tis but the wasted days
That count for aught in my life's calendar!

(*He looks regretfully back at the mountains where the sun's last glow still lingers and sings:*)

O, 'tis sweet to live and sweet to love,
And sweet to follow the little road,
With heart as light as the day is bright,
And back without a load;
To loaf and dream and sit in the sun,
And think of your blessings every one,
The love that shines in a thousand ways
Through all the length of your gypsy days.

(*Sits down wearily, rests his pack carefully beside him and watches dreamily the dance of the FALLING LEAVES.*)

FALLING LEAVES—Chorus dancers in brown draperies with gleams of yellow and crimson in the inner draperies and scarfs. The dance is tripping, floating, rustling—the melancholy of the brown draperies and softly dreamy movements relieved by touches of crimson and gold expressing sheer happiness.

(*As the dancers retire BABETTE, the mountaineer's daughter runs in from the left. She is breathless, barefooted, bareheaded and simply clad. Graceful, dark-haired, dreamy child.*)

BABETTE: (*Softly speaking to herself*)

I thought I heard the mysterious "Old Man of the Mountains" here somewhere. I wonder where he's been today and what he carries in that sack?

POET:

How now, Babette, like all your sex you scent a secret from afar. And what will Babette give the "Old Man of the Mountains" for a peep into his pack?

BABETTE: (*Drawing back startled and abashed*)

I beg your pardon, sir, I must have spoken all my forward thought aloud, but who has told you of my name?

POET: (*Kindly*)

There's something in these solitudes that whets
The senses of a man to keener edge,
And not a secret wish that's whispered here
But may find wings and fly—Believest that, Babette?

BABETTE:

You speak so strangely, half you frighten me!
For *I* hear naught within the mountains here
Naught save the ringing blows of father's axe,
Or the shrill whining sound of whetted scythe,
And mother's echoing call from out the cottage door.

(*She pouts*)

I wish that I *could* see and hear as thou!

POET: (*Drawing her gently down beside him*)

A wiser man than I hath said, my child,
That they may only learn to see who look
Through falling tears, that they alone may hear
Whose ears are deaf to sound of worldly strife—
But that's old doctrine for a child like you.

(*Babette all unheeding his philosophy looks curiously at the poet's pack*)

What do your neighbors say of me, my dear, and of my pack?

BABETTE: (*With all a child's importance at divulging a bit of gossip*)

Some say 'tis simple, roots and herbs to make rare cordials and sweet-smelling balms for wounds, and that you make a deal of money from the things we count as worthless; others say you seek for gold and carry bits of rock to test in secrecy, and then they shake their heads and laugh—

Tell me, do you get much money for the contents of your pack?

POET:

A pack like mine could not be bought with gold, my child.

BABETTE: (*Leaning forward eagerly*)

May I lift it, is it so heavy then?

POET: (*Sadly*)

Sometimes it is, and makes my shoulder sore,
But that is when 'tis emptiest!

BABETTE: (*Petulantly*)

You're teasing me with joking words—
I have a mind to tell you what old Rachel said—
'Twas not polite, I did not think to tell.

(*Continued on page* 428)

THE AMATEUR'S GREEN ROOM

News of the Colleges, Schools and Dramatic Clubs

THE COUNTRY THEATRE

THE Cornell Dramatic Club conducted the New York State Fair Country Theatre in September for the fourth year with conspicuous success. The Theatre played forty-five performances during the week and to total audiences of over fifteen thousand. Four of the six plays presented were original New York State plays submitted for the State Fair Commission prizes for plays dealing with country life. The quality of these plays encouraged the State Fair Commission to conduct another competition closing February 1st, 1923, for plays dealing with country life themes. Full information may be obtained from A. M. Drummond, Cornell University, or C. W. Whitney, State College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.

PRIZE PLAY CONTESTS

THE Drama Branch of the Community Arts Association of Santa Barbara, Cal., announces a contest for both full length and one-act plays, which will close February 1st, 1923. The prizes will be awarded and successful plays produced by the Community Arts Association before June 1st, 1923.

The Forest Theatre of Carmel, Cal., offers a prize of $100.00 for an original play suitable for presentation on its outdoor stage, during the summer of 1923. There is no limitation as to subject or scope, though a full evening play will have a decided advantage over a short or an exceptionally long one. Address Mrs. V. M. Porter, Secretary Forest Theatre, Carmel, Cal.

"THE LAND WHERE THE GOOD DREAMS GROW"

PERHAPS one of the most delightful children's plays that has recently come to our attention is "The Land Where the Good Dreams Grow" which was given its second production by the Junior Players of Pasadena Community Playhouse. Egbert Pettey who designed and executed the set shown on the opposite page, at a cost of little more than fifty dollars, gave it all the glamour of a Maxfield Parrish picture. There was the Gate of Dreams, and beyond, the skyline of a distant city. Within the Gate billowy masses of purple and pink tarlatan were transformed into clouds by the play of lights, and as if by magic, a city of dreaming sleep rose out of cloudy mists silhouetted against a deep blue sky.

Lack of space will not permit an account of the production—of how the children designed the costumes—the bird orchestra—and all the other fascinating details, but we shall be glad to send to those who are interested, a brief description of the production from notes supplied us by Sybil Eliza Jones who directed the play.

WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE

UNDER the direction of Dorothy Elderdice, a company of college players are being organized at the Western Maryland College, who plan to take their plays on a tour of the State. The first local bill will be "The Shepherd in the Distance," "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" and a group of Russian and Danish dances. Credit is given at Western Maryland for dramatic work and a new course in Biblical Drama has been instituted for the purpose of training play directors for church work.

THE STROLLING PLAYERS

THE Strolling Players, a little Theatre group of New York, announces several vacancies in the casts of the one-act plays which it expects to produce shortly. Interested players are invited to call at 190 Amsterdam Avenue on Tuesday and Friday evenings, or communicate with Mr. Jack Shatter, 250 West 57th Street, New York City.

THE CORNELL DRAMATIC CLUB

THE Cornell Dramatic Club plans a full year of activities on the Campus, beginning with a group of country theatre plays to be presented at the Campus Theatre, November 20th and 21st, and of monthly groups of worth while one-act plays during the balance of the year. Over one hundred undergraduates will be engaged in these activities which open up for them opportunities for work in acting, staging, lighting, directing, costuming, business management and play-writing. In addition to the usual activities of the Campus Theatre, it is planned in line with the policy of the Club, to present two long plays from the European Theatre, not previously seen on the professional stage in America. Stuart Walker's production of ""The Book of Job" is also scheduled to appear under the auspices of the Club in November, and a competition for original plays written by Cornell undergraduates is expected to produce Cornell plays for two or three groups the second term.

VALERIA PETRI—DIRECTOR

An ambitious title for a fourteen-year-old girl, but none the less appropriate, since Valeria Petri of Closter, N. J., has had three successful plays to her credit. Her first attempt at production was the staging and directing of "The Sleeping Beauty" and during the past summer, she directed "The Slave With Two Faces" and a revival of "The Linder Box," playing the leading rôles in each. She is shown in a scene from "The Slave With Two Faces," surrounded by her youthful players. We predict the Professional Stage will hear from this embryonic producer, who will go abroad shortly to complete her study of dramatic art.

SHAKESPEARIAN LECTURES AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

A SPECIAL course of lectures on "Shakespeare on the Stage," to be given by Mr. Louis Calvert, is announced for the coming school year by Dean John R. Turner of Washington Square College of New York University.

For the benefit of communities who may wish to include Stuart Walker's inspiring pantomime, "The Seven Gifts," in their Christmas program, we are reproducing this scene from his production, given in the open on Christmas night, 1915, before the Tree of Light, at Madison Square Park, New York, where ten thousand people witnessed the play.

Community Dramatic Activities

Suggestions For a Community Christmas Celebration

By ETHEL ARMES
Community Service (Incorporated)

HOW shall a community give a Christmas Festival that will include people of all ages and all creeds and conditions,—one that will also comprise dramatic, music and choral interests, and will enlist the co-operation of all organizations.

The most direct and practical answer to this question is to tell how Gloucester, Mass., did it—last Christmas.

THE GLOUCESTER CELEBRATION

FOR Gloucester had a Community Christmas Tree; city-wide carolling processions; a beautiful production of Stuart Walker's pantomime, "The Seven Gifts," and a Sunday night Christmas celebration in the Gloucester City Hall.

With F. H. Farley, special organizer for dramatics for Community Service (Incorporated), directing, Community Service received the co-operation of the Gloucester schools, clubs and churches, the Chamber of Commerce, American Legion, Y. M. C. A. and all the merchants of the town.

A corporal's squad from the American Legion went out into those Massachusetts hills and found a stately fir tree, hauled it into town, put it up and lighted it several days before Christmas. Wiring, lights, electricity, 500 pounds of candy, bags made and decorated by the public school children, and the green for decorations were all donated.

Children's Celebration widely heralded by the newspapers, took place on Saturday in the City Hall, with the president of the Cape Ann Community League, Mr. Charles Kerr, as Master of Ceremonies.

Meantime a "Learn a Carol a Day" campaign, which had been run in the local papers all week, prepared everybody for Christmas carols, so after the Children's Celebration, in the evening when the carolling took place, eight sections with leaders and trumpeters covered the whole city. Houses were lighted with candles and there was an impressive service around the tree. At the City Hall the following day a program of carol singing with two of the best soloists in Gloucester, preceded the Stuart Walker play.

Everyone was welcome. Everyone had a good time. Everyone felt like saying, "Merry Christmas."

"THE NATIVITY"—A REVERENT AND INSPIRING CHRISTMAS PLAY

THERE is at least one pageant-play for Christmas season that can never be repeated too often. That is Rosamond Kimball's "The Nativity." It has beauty, dignity and simplicity. Following the Bible, it tells the story of the Nativity through a series of tableaux accompanied by carols and hymns sung by the audience. There is a reader who may be either a man or a woman. Nine men and women or nine children comprise the cast with at least twenty people in the chorus. The play usually lasts one hour and is given on a stage with one draped interior setting with changing properties.

Last Christmas this play was given in a large number of churches and schools in many sections of the country. It will doubtless have an even larger presentation this Christmas. It can be done in less than a week's preparation. It has formed the central feature of many Community Service Christmas celebrations, for three years past.

One of these, given last season in Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y., under the auspices of the Neighborhood Association and the Matinecock Players, Sue Ann Wilson directing, was especially beautiful. Children from the public schools made up the cast. Rev. Mr. Jackson of Glen Head was the reader. A great many children were in the audience as it was a Christmas Community Evening. There was carol singing around the huge fireplace at one end of the Neighborhood building where the play was given. The old English ceremony of the bringing in of the Yule log was another feature of the evening followed by singing games and the visit of Santa Claus with packages of candy for the children.

CAROLLING

THE stories of ten carols, which comprise the Christmas song sheet issued by Community Service, have been prepared for use in a "Learn a Carol a Day" campaign. The campaign is a valuable aid to a community Christmas celebration. Its advantages are two-fold: It not only causes the entire population of a community to become familiar with the carols that are to be sung but it also makes valuable publicity for the celebration. The latter is described in a bulletin on "Music in a Community Christmas Celebration" issued by Community Service. The Christmas carol sheet is to be obtained from the same source.

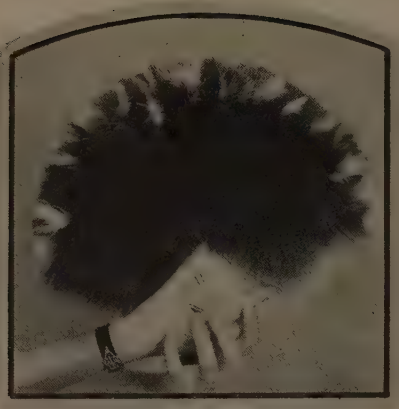
FASHION

As Interpreted by the Actress

Tallulah Bankhead, lovely heroine of "The Exciters," demonstrates the charm of blonde coloring framed by a beige velvet hat that is plumed with uncurled ostrich of the same tone. Model from J. M. Gidding

A stunning ensemble for blonde beauty is this in which Miss Bankhead starts her search for thrills in "The Exciters." Black velvet makes the sleeveless evening gown with its pointed shoulder straps and side panels, and black velvet with tailless ermine the matching coat

The recipe for Miss Bankhead's negligee from this same play! Take a lace underdress; drop over it a pink chiffon slip; add wide panels and top of gold brocade material fringed with silver tassels: add still other panels of flame colored chiffon. Result, a robe of extraordinary grace and glorious color



(1) Very new is the small fan for theatre and dance, and this of canary and white marabout with ivory sticks is especially *chic;* $13.50.

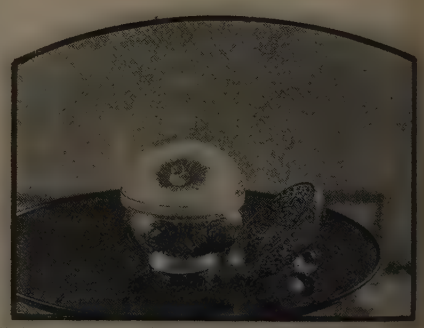
(2) The hand that holds it likewise exploits a recent Paris fad—a bracelet of black velvet studded with a cut steel design; $7.50.

(3) A smart imported bag of medium size knitted of heavy silk and trimmed with small loops of steel beads is most reasonably priced at $10.95. It comes in black, navy, grey and brown.

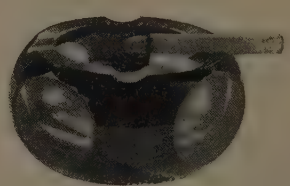
Since pipe smoking has become the swagger thing for men one of these imported tobacco pouches, in rich gros-grain silk, would be very much in order for a Christmas gift. (13) Large size in practically any combination of stripes, or in plain colors, oilskin lined; $4.00. (15) Plain oilskin covering; $1.75.

(*Below*) (4) To all with an eye for gifts happily combining the unusual and practical we commend this "Memory Kit." It consists of a compact folding camera taking a picture 2¼ by 3¼, a supply of film and a handy and handsome compartment-receptacle of mahogany, for keeping camera and extra films together; $15.

The small imported porcelain figurines, gayly colored, are having an immense vogue. In pairs they may decorate a breakfast or lunch table for a pinch of salt or pepper, or be bought separately and used as ash receivers. (8) Elephant inkwell; $12.00. (9) Man and girl figurines $4.00 each.



(*Below*) When M. Paul Poiret was last here he admired so much the aesthetic and practical qualities of this particular species of thermos that he took a dozen or so back to Paris with him. (5) Cream-colored enamel thermos jug, quart size; $12.50. (6) Quart size carafe in dark green; $10 50. (7) Jug, pint size, in rich crimson; $9.25.



(10) An ash receiver after a man's—and a woman's—own heart! It is made of heavy Czecho-Slovakian glass in brilliant black and white, ornamental, practical. Diam. 4 in.; price $6.00.

(11) Most enchanting and decorative objects for the boudoir or bath are these glass powder bowls, which can also be used for bath salts. 7 in. wide, 4¼ in. high, they are ornamented in soft colorings of reds and greens and yellows and blues; price $6.75. (12) Large-sized powder puff, $3.50.

(*Left*) (16) An extraordinarily lovely set of buckles in nickel silver. They may be had in bronze or French grey finish; $5.00.

THAT SHALL BE DISTINCTIVE

MAKES THESE SUGGESTIONS

(17) Since fashion now demands that a woman must have in her repertoire more than one perfume, this gilt and glass 4-compartment container, tapped by means of its small gilt stoppers, should be very timely; $15.00.

(18) Earrings are one of the smart woman's most important weapons this season, therefore they are a happy choice for a holiday gift. Martha Mansfield presents the fascinating ornament in a series of flexible cut steel loops; $16.50.

Direct from Briggs of London, where they grow the de luxe sticks, come these three doggy ones. (19) A stick of oak, natural bark finish, with silver top; $10.50. (20) Unusual stick of splashed rattan; $9.00. (21) Stick for the racing man of cherry with silver collar and a silver pencil that fits into the top; $12.60.

(*Below*) (22) For "the person who has everything" we heartily recommend this quaint pair of stags, beautifully executed by a Viennese artist and found only at a certain exclusive place. The bodies of the stags are gilded, the bases are washed in white water color, and the whole stands about 8 in. high; $25.00.

(*Below*) (24) A novel and *chic* powder and lipstick accessory that Paris sends us, the powderbox being of black teakwood; $13.50.

No feminine apartment is complete these days without an electric perfume burner. (23) In choosing this gaily caparisoned porcelain elephant as a gift you bring not only perfume but luck to the house; $18.00.

(*Below*) Lovely pieces of the modern lustre pottery full of happy color. (28) Compote in orange or blue, 12 in. in diam.; $10.00. (29) Candlesticks 10 in. high to match; $10.00 a pair. (30) Tinted shell flowers the latest in centrepieces; $1.50 to $2.00 a spray.

The last word in imported cigarette outfits for Madame. (25) The cigarette case is in dark blue moire edged with silver and carries its matchbox on the hip, since "the perfect female always furnishes her own matches." Price, $6.50. (26) The cigarette holder is of black composition, with a slender band of brilliants; $7.95.

(*Below*) (27) Another type of buckles, as there must be at least one pair in every woman's wardrobe. These are fan-shaped, studded with French brilliants; $10.00.

SHOPPING INSTRUCTIONS

The THEATRE MAGAZINE *will gladly buy and have shipped any article shown on these two pages. When ordering please state article and give its order number. Make money order or check payable to the* THEATRE MAGAZINE. *Order promptly that you may be sure to find the article you select in stock, and where possible suggest a second choice.*

Florence Shirley's evening frock in "Why Men Leave Home" is the most deliciously shimmering affair, all in white and silver, white lace being embroidered in delicate silver traceries and hung over a slip of cloth of silver. Around her brown hair Miss Shirley wears a bandeau of silver gauze leaves and on her feet slippers of white and silver brocade.

Luscious in coloring is Miss Shirley's frock of softest yellow duvetyn! Subtly draped, it is trimmed with fringes of chenille around the short sleeves and hanging in long lines from waist to hem, chenille in tones of old rose and French blue. A yellow duvetyn cape collared in white fox accompanies the frock, and fawn suede slippers with blue enamel buckles.

(*Left*) Supplement this picture of Miss Shirley's negligee with the details of silver-frosted lace, pink chiffon, swansdown, and a touch of blue.

A close-up of the silver brocade slippers, that accompany Miss Shirley's evening gown and negligee. They are adorned with the newest thing in silver filigree buckles backed by a narrow trimming of the silver brocade material. From the Henning Boot Shop.

To go with Miss Shirley's yellow frock above, Henning suggested these slippers in imported fawn-colored suede with blue enamel buckles and blue velvet centers matching the blue tone of the chenille fringes

FLORENCE SHIRLEY'S NEW PLAY,

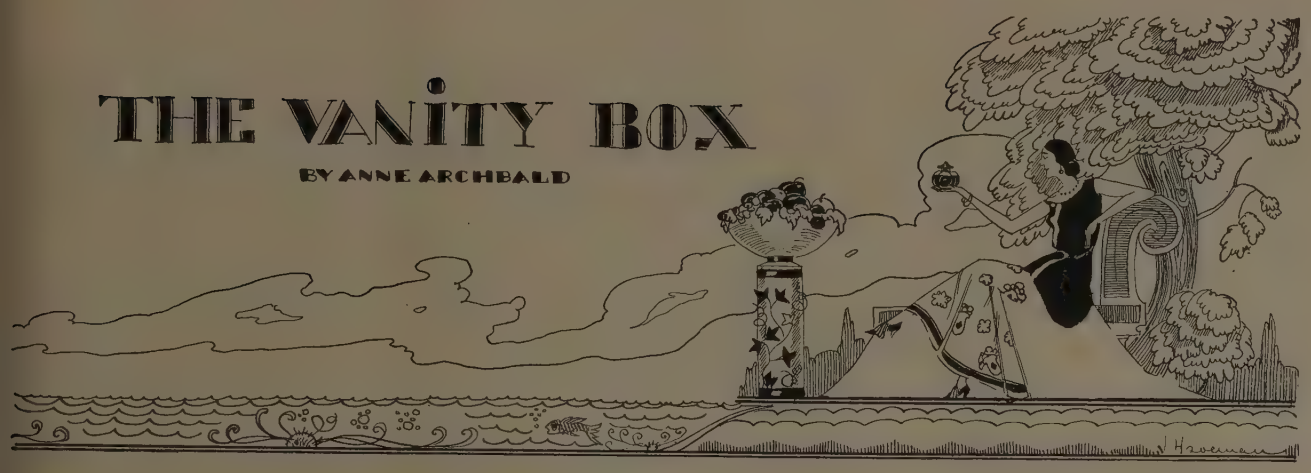
"WHY MEN LEAVE HOME,"

OFFERS NO GROUND FOR

COMPLAINT AS FAR AS FROCKS GO

THE VANITY BOX

BY ANNE ARCHBALD



YOU all know Paul Poiret as the great designer, the great artist, in costume. But we wonder how many of you know him as a master creator of perfumes as well. Yet he is as incomparable in this *métier* as he is in that of frocks and their bye-products.

M. Poiret has created marvellous scents, odours, to enhance the charm of women. He has captured them from plants, from trees, from fruits, from sources which, until his originations, were supposed incapable of being transmuted in this fashion. And the results have been a series of perfumes with a subtle quality, a fascinating novelty and modernness hitherto unknown.

We interviewed M. Poiret at the Ritz the day before he sailed . . nine-thirty of a wild and stormy September morn. And already at that brisk hour we were third on a list. M. Poiret had been seeing people since eight o'clock. Let no one tell you the artist is an unbusinesslike person, impractical, diffuse in talk, unpunctual to engagements. In many instances we have found him more businesslike and efficient than even the so-called professional business man. That is at least, the big artists . .

Our interview with M. Poiret for example, was as smooth, as suave, as utterly time-saving as the best efficiency expert could wish. It flowed in a beautiful curve from the moment when M. Poiret opened the door of his suite for us himself, swankily clad in brown and scarlet cravat, to the end of the half hour when the door closed on us again . . the exact measure of gracious courtesy from M. Poiret that the occasion demanded . . not a superfluous phrase in the telling of his story. Here it is, as he gave it in his fluent and excellent English delightfully tinged with French idiom and accent.

M. Poiret not only creates his perfumes, but designs his bottles and the boxes they come in as well. Here is perfume "Pierrot" in his white muslin frill and with his au-clair-de-la-lune box.

"To begin with," said M. Poiret, "I have had a very definite purpose as *parfumeur* . . I have tried to create a new *aesthétique* with my perfumes, as with my clothes . . to teach a new way of perceiving odours and scents in general, a new technique in smelling. It occurred to me when I was in the country, and I sleep on the grass, and I smell the verdure, the foliage around me, why is it that people always make perfumes from flowers? Why not from these things as well? Surely they are as stirring, as thrilling . . these scents of the damp earth and the leaves, the pine trees, the salt marshes, as those of flowers . . much more so to some of us . . So I make a perfume from the grass . . You know how fragrant it is when you crush it in your hands . . And from the boxwood . . And from the ivy . . And from the moss . . I have made a perfume even from the plants that grow deep in the sea . . They have a sharp, a bitter smell . . how you say, *amer?* Yes, pungent! And when I do use a flower I take an unusual one . like geranium for instance.

"I have made a very wonderful perfume from ivy leaves and geranium leaves combined . . I will show you . . I have some on my dresser."

M. Poiret makes a swift dart into another room and returns with a small round bottle with dark ivy-colored stopper. "Mea Culpa" is its name . . We are urged to put some on the fur collar of our coat, where we are assured it will linger a long time . . A French trick, evidently, this mingling perfume and fur . . We remember it was the manner in which Yorska perfumed us with the divine Sarah's favorite odour . . Which reminds us to ask M. Poiret whether he believes in one perfume for a woman, that is always to be identified with her, that lies in the scent of her glove, her handkerchief, that lingers in a room after she has left it . . But no, he agrees with us, that we are more complex nowadays . . A woman needs many scents . . But she must choose only those that reveal herself . .

"Some days she is good-tempered," twinkled M. Poiret, "and some days she is bad-tempered," modifying this momentary lack in French gallantry with one of the two smiles he permitted himself during the half hour. "So that she must have scents for each mood . . and she should have the same diversity for each costume . . Just as you say, Madame . . But these scents, whether they are six or twelve, all will be in the same tone, the same key . . They must harmonize with her personality."

And did M. Poiret believe in any scent for men? We know the Latin thinks differently from our men about that . . The usual American feels that he is not a 100 percent, red-blooded male if he uses any scent, except possibly a touch of eau de cologne, or lavender water after shaving . . But why should he not, if he likes perfumes, why should he not wish to use them . .

"There is no *reason* at all," answers M. Poiret quickly. "But my perfumes are best of all for him, because they are not from flowers . . they have a tang . . what you call over here 'pep' . . they mingle well with tobacco . . With some of my bottles I have a glass stopper and with that one may perfume one's cigarettes. We cannot buy them already perfumed in Paris, since the government owns the tobacco, and we must buy the kind of cigarettes he makes himself.

"I start in making perfumes first as an amateur, for my own amusement and pleasure . . I make them in my own house . . And then my friends like them so much they ask me to make some for them . . And then I make so many I must ask people to pay . . And finally I take up the making of perfumes seriously and now I have my own factory . . I am happy to see so many of my perfumes in the stores here, too . . I have a perfume that is made from old leaves, that rich damp smell of the woods in autumn . . There is one made only of fruits . . 'Forbidden Fruit' I call it . .

"Just before I leave Paris I have made a perfume which I shall call 'Bosquet d'Apollon.' It represents Versailles . . all the foliage, the verdure there, after a rain, the scent that comes from the grass and the leaves as you crush them underfoot in walking . . It will be ready in a few weeks . . I like always that my scents become well-known before they are actually ready to be sold . . A perfume to be right must stand, be matured in the wood some time, like wine, like a true liqueur . ."

There we found our time was up . . And so fascinated had we been by M. Poiret's descriptions we rushed forth to a round of the various "beauty" counters, to discover who kept the Poiret perfumes and what were their various names and odors. Succumbing to their lure we bought two wicked ones for ourself, and three others for Christmas presents.

(*For the names of the Poiret perfumes and where they may be purchased write The Vanity Box, care the* THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th Street, N. Y. C.*)

A Forecast of Fashions in

There is a graceful balance about this H. C. S. model which enables it to hug the highway cleverly and take sharp turns comfortably. Its leather trimmed, steel bound luggage trunk rests securely on broad, thick cast aluminum bars.

The Haynes Automobile Company is responding to the demand of the great body of motorists for a lithe, fleet, powerful touring automobile of medium weight and medium price that is fully equipped with the latest and most approved accessories and fittings.

The new Cadillac Victoria, with ample room to seat four, is without question the finest model of this type ever produced by the Cadillac Company.

The 1923 model four passenger Lexington Brougham with the powerful Ansted motor has many new features, not the least important of which are the slender, yet rigid supports of the sloping windshield, permitting a clear vision on either side.

The Packard five passenger limousine-sedan is a car designed to be owner-driven or chauffeur-driven, with a movable plate glass panel between the driver's seat and the rear, changing the car from one to the other.

This Season's Closed Cars

This smart new H. C. S. Sport Sedan is the style of 1923 in closed car bodies for touring and daily needs. This car is the result of a two years' study by Harry C. Stutz who calls it his finest product.

In the Fiat we have convincing evidence that beauty, power and economy can be made into an automotive masterpiece. There is a ruggedness of line which suggests great capacity for service while yet making for unusual smartness.

The 1923 model Stutz Coupe has all the serviceable characteristics for which the Stutz is known. Its body is full aluminum and its woodwork designed with quiet dignity and simplicity.

A new model Paige Sedan which enjoys a pleasant emphasis on horizontal lines and sufficient length to seat seven passengers comfortably. Interior richness comes from heavy upholstering cloths and silver fittings.

The Jordan Brougham is proving particularly popular because of its compactness and ease of driving. It seats five people comfortably, and has a trunk rack in the rear.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ANNOUNCES AS ITS FEATURE DEPARTMENTS FOR 1923

A NEW PAGE of review and comment upon the films by CLAYTON HAMILTON. Mr. Hamilton, one of the foremost critics of dramatic art living, is fresh from a vivid two-year experience in the motion picture industry and his first writings upon the subject begin with the January THEATRE and will be watched with unusual interest.

THE MIRRORS OF STAGELAND—A brilliant and often scathing analysis, under the microscope, of Broadway's famous figures. The writer—who signs herself *The Lady with the Lorgnette*—bears a name that is one of the two or three best known journalistic names in America and her reason for anonymity will be patent to those who read. This new department will probably be continued throughout the year, treating three or four personalities monthly.

MUSIC—This recently started department conducted by ROBERT NATHAN, former musical critic of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, has already found marked response among those of our readers who wish to be kept advised on matters of interest in the concert and opera world that the person who counts himself well-informed must know. Its treatment, both in criticism and otherwise, will be untechnical.

A DRIFT IN THE ROARING FORTIES—A page of paragraphs by that amazing artist in words, BENJAMIN DE CASSERES on anything pertaining to the theatre that it pleases him to discourse upon. DE CASSERES has been declared by native and foreign critics to be America's foremost creator of brilliant prose. Certainly as a pungent commentator he is without equal.

PICTURES—THEATRE MAGAZINE *is famous for its pictures.* The artist photographers of America vie with each other to have us publish their work, in the realization that such publication is the last word in recognition of its artistry. No magazine—anywhere in the world—prints monthly so rare and beautiful a collection of studies and portraits.

FOREIGN LETTERS—No accomplishment of interest in the theatre anywhere in the world will fail to be reported by THEATRE MAGAZINE during the coming year. We have organized a globe-wide chain of correspondents who will keep us *au courant* of theatric activities everywhere, particularly with a view to covering material of especial interest to American readers.

A NEW PAGE of review and comment upon the variety stage to be conducted by BLAND JOHANESON. As vaudeville improves, which it has been doing steadily, intelligent people everywhere—especially in centres not served regularly by the legitimate stage—are forming a keen interest in the world of the two-a-day. This entertaining and informative page, to be conducted by an expert, will be the first of its sort in a first-class magazine.

HEARD ON BROADWAY—This highly popular double-page feature, signed anonymously, will be, of course, continued. It is a chatterbox and news guide to the inner theatre and serves up tid-bits of newsy information one rarely sees elsewhere. *L'Homme qui Sait* is not a *writer*. He is a man of the theatre, so singularly situated as to be the intimate of hundreds of its people and cognizant of all its doings.

BROADWAY SUCCESSES—both in complete pictorial and condensed text form—have long been highly entertaining features of THEATRE. Those especially whose visits to Broadway are, of necessity, long and far between and who love the theatre or who care to be informed about its recent achievements find this department a faithful and fascinating substitute for the real thing.

AMATEURS—Those "faithful" of the theatre to whom the improvement and development of the drama in America is due in no small part have their own pages in THEATRE. The amateur everywhere—in school and college as well as non-scholastic—is kept intimately in touch with what is what in the world of amateur theatricals.

AND

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY—This enormously popular feature of THEATRE MAGAZINE, which has done much to establish the magazine, internationally, as the leading spokesman on the subject of the American theatre will, of course, remain as the core and spine of every issue. There are but few great nationally read dramatic critics in this country and none that write with greater authority or in more readable style than Mr. Hornblow.

Other monthly features will be as usual, leading articles and interviews by authoritative writers, and the pages given over to Stage Fashions, The Promenades of Angelina, and The Vanity Box, Motor Cars, Lovely Homes and Travel. The latest and best will always be found in THEATRE MAGAZINE

THEATRE MAGAZINE IS FOR SALE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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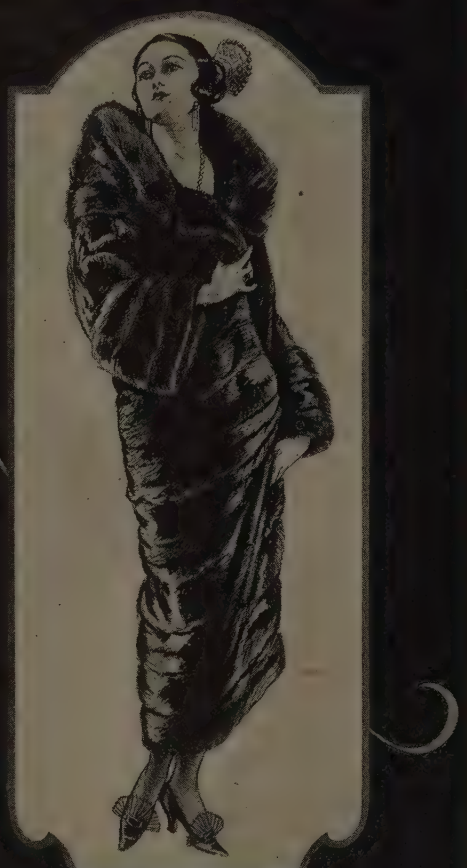
It pays to buy where you buy in safety.



A. JAECKEL & CO.

Furriers

Fifth Ave Between 35th & 36th Sts. New York

WHO ARE THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS—AND WHY?

(*Concluded from page* 360)

gent were great—but they were inescapably the chief figures in the field of intelligent drama. Today they are hardly to be reckoned with in that field—which in itself is an indication of a remarkable change and perhaps a remarkable growth. Certainly we do not look to them for either our drama of today or our drama of tomorrow. We begin to suspect that Thomas was a master of theatrical formulas who had suddenly become a convert to the new faith—but without conviction or creative fire. We begin to feel that Walter's "The Easiest Way" was a fine random thrust of a fairly talented man. We begin to question whether Mackaye's wonderful vision can ever be harnessed to a theatre that exists or can exist in our time. We turn rather to a new generation.

Between the two generations, however, is a connecting group that is important in the sense of having carried on something of the traditions of the theatre of a decade ago, but with a slant toward the future. They range from such a sincerely-intentioned realist as James Forbes—who outgrew the obvious mechanical qualities of "The Chorus Lady" and became the thoughtful and fairly skillful author of "The Famous Mrs. Fair"—to the facilely amusing George M. Cohan, turning out the same old Cohan hokum but in 1922 clothes. Forbes is distinctly of the American dramatists of today; but I dissent from the opinion of those who claim that Cohan is *the* American playwright. His plays may portray the sentiments and the likeness of the average American. But I beg to submit that when people speak of America they ordinarily mean the finer America and not the drummer, the spirit of the country and not its weak practice. Cohan's plays are too true in the surface sense to be really true at all.

Between these two are many shades of sincerity and hokum: Edward Sheldon near the better end of the list, but too seldom heard from; Frank Craven just missing the real thing by a hair's breadth; Owen Davis, veteran melodrama writer contributing a single true play in "The Detour"; Rachel Crothers not pulling herself out of the merely-pleasant rut as she should; Winchell Smith, Hartley Manners and some others knowing too much about what makes a play popular; George Middleton, who ranges all over the place; Eleanor Gates, who may come back to touch the level achieved in her fine "The Poor Little Rich Girl"; and finally the best of them all, Booth Tarkington, a fine intelligent figure who scored legitimately in "Clarence."

But *are* these the playwrights of today—or of yesterday? One hesitates to attempt thus prematurely to put them on the historical shelf. A certain number of them will come forth to dispute laurels with the youngsters. Particularly, perhaps, Forbes, Tarkington and Craven (this last, indeed, being very young, albeit trafficking too often in old stuff). But those youngsters have something that differentiates them sharply from the whole group—an independence of the old theatre, a living quality, a direct approach and steadfast hold. And it is among them—Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell, Zoe Akins, Zona Gale, Theodore Dreiser, Sidney Howard—that I think we are finding our first important group of American playwrights, the first group that will be remembered in histories of the theatre. They are doing the really living stage work of today. They are of the times, and not an echo of yesterday. Two other names should be added, although they are less essentially of the group, but still very important: Arthur Richman and Gilbert Emery. Either one might conceivably strike a vein tomorrow that would put him up close to O'Neill.

Without stopping to analyze their work further, since their plays have been so recently with us, and widely commented upon, I want to inquire briefly why the American stage has such a promising group at this time. Does the best-seller type of theatre give birth to such artists? Well, hardly. It goes back, rather, to the fact that the "regular" stage got so bad, so thoughtless about any except best-seller playwrights, that a revolt started that led in the opposite direction. The insurgent theatres, the little theatres, must, I think, be given the credit. Practically every one of the group named gained knowledge, experience and first production in an "outside" playhouse.

Little Theatres as such—that is, if they remain little and amateurish and personal—cannot help a great deal beyond giving the dramatist his first start. But just as they restored the experiment-ground of the beginning dramatist, so the thing that is growing out of the little theatre, call it art theatre or repertory theatre or merely a better sort of commercial theatre, is restoring the laboratory of the nearly-mature playwright and the "special" playwright, is creating an outlet for the play that has notable dramatic values but lacks something of that "punch" which would make it an immense popular success. To my mind the salvation of the American theatre as an institution lies in the establishing of more and more of that sort of co-operative, progressive theatre, until we have them dotted in every large city in the country.

LUYNA
PARIS

At last they have come to America

Luyna Perfumes
which are used by

Mesdames
LA PRINCESSE DE FAUCIGNY-LUCINGE
LA PRINCESSE TROUBETZKOY
LA COMTESSE JEAN DE LUBERSAC
LA COMTESSE DE VAUCELLES
LA COMTESSE DE MONTAIGU
LA COMTESSE D'HINNISDAL
(Names used with permission)

M. Luyna hesitated a long time before he would send his perfumes to America, because he felt that a perfume wrongly used is like a jewel improperly set. But now M. Luyna has prepared a brochure telling how the French woman of title uses perfume. A bit of perfumed cotton tucked into the glove just before going out. Artful—No? That is only one of many subtle ways of using perfume. They are all told about in this brochure. It contains M. Luyna's exact instructions in the sophisticated use of perfume. *Par exemple:* Put a drop of perfume in the palm of your hand—rub the two hands together—you will find—but it is all in the brochure. A note brings it to you—as our gift. At the same time we will tell you the name of the nearest exclusive shop where you can buy Parfums Luyna.

Introduced into America by
THOS. LEEMING & COMPANY
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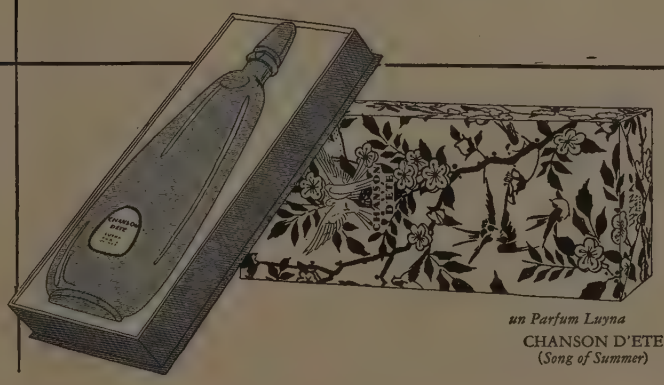
There are nine Parfums Luyna. *La Princesse Troubetzkoy* prefers Chanson d'Eté, *la Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge* Maya, *la Comtesse de Montaigu* Fleur Ardente, *Mesdames les Comtesses de Vaucelles, d'Hinnisdal,* and *Jean de Lubersac* choose each according to her personality.



un Parfum Luyna
CHANSON D'ETE
(*Song of Summer*)

Parfum Luyna can be secured in New York at *Lord & Taylor, James McCreery & Co.,* and *Jay-Thorpe, Inc.*—in Philadelphia, at *Bonwit Teller & Co.* and *Llewellyn's Pharmacy*—in Hartford, *Sage Allen & Co., Inc.*—in Baltimore, *Hochschild, Kohn & Co.* - in Springfield, Mass., *Forbes & Wallace*—in Washington, D. C., *S. Kann Co.,* and *Peoples Drug Stores.*

FURS—
AND CHRISTMAS

It is a beautiful thought which finds expression in the Christmas gift. And the giving of warm, rich furs is indeed most appropriate to reflect so beautiful a sentiment.

Gunther
Fifth Avenue at 36th Street
NEW YORK
Furriers for More Than a Century

JAUNTS INTO BRIGHTEST ENGLAND

(*Concluded from page 364*)

it the poorest of my plays. Only today I read a review of my new novel that was generally favorable but carried its sting in the last line. 'Imagine' the reviewer said, 'that the same hand that wrote this penned "A Bit O'Love."' And yet—"

"The church scene is very fine," said Mrs. Galsworthy.

"The war has had a definite effect on the theatre," continued the novelist. "During the war theatregoers had plenty of money. They went everywhere, to everything. Times are hard. London managers haven't the money to put in new ventures. That is why theatres seem so helter-skelter."

"'A Bit O'Love' was a pretty play." Mrs. Galsworthy emphasized the verb.

"I cannot understand why your managers, when they produce English plays do not engage English casts. Even Charles Frohman did not do it. They must know that the play of English locale needs English players. What is the reason?"

"Ignorance?"

"Or the expense. I know that was what happened with 'The Skin Game.' I wanted the scenery painted here and the company engaged in London. It was too expensive. We had to take the best actors available in London but the result was not altogether satisfactory."

Praise was given the Misses Lewisohn for their courage in staging "The Mob" at the Neighborhood Playhouse.

"Ian McLaren was the best More I have seen," said Galsworthy.

"More is a very difficult part," added Mrs. Galsworthy.

"The whole thing was very well done, better than some of my other plays. I understand 'The Fugitive' was mishandled in production over there."

Discussion turned to literature. Unlike many British authors, the novelist does not assert his own countrymen are the better writers.

"I think you have a fine school of young authors."

"I don't think you pay enough attention or encourage your own authors sufficiently," said Mrs. Galsworthy.

"You have the two schools," he continued. "I don't believe the school that says only American things are worthwhile—the cocksure, experimental school—is a good thing any more than the opposite school that declares America be damned and despises anything truly racial. But you have a large number of fine writers."

"Sinclair Lewis?"

"'Main Street' is a very good book. It is the repetitive method of course. Lewis has his point to make against the small town and he hammers and hammers at it. But it is very worthwhile. I admire it as much for the art with which it is written as for the subject. Both Lewis and F. Scott Fitzgerald have been guests of ours within the last few months. Interesting young American writers."

"I have read hardly anything of Sherwood Anderson but I like him. And Willa Cather. There is a woman whom you know has thought of her story over and over until she has found just the right form for expression. A good writer. And I like Zona Gale. You cannot overestimate the importance of the American author.

"I am told our book reviewers and our dramatic critics are better than yours. I don't believe it. I think you have as good writers. Take such able men as Heywood Broun in New York and H. T. Parker in Boston. We have none better."

I wished to ask Galsworthy how he answered the criticism that his plays are so fair to life they lack the partisanship many audiences demand in drama. Time seemed inopportune. The stranger feels the separation between Galsworthy and his work. If you have watched Mrs. Fiske play with that curious effect of being six feet away from a character or of leaping into it for a brief, unforgettable moment, you may comprehend the effect of a meeting with the novelist. Only for an infrequent second did the mentality that thought "Fraternity" meet the menality that welcomed the casual American acquaintance to his tea table.

Conversation touched a translation from the Spanish, done into English colloquial speech. Regret was expressed at its lack, in translation, of all the qualities possessed by the original. In natural succession followed talk of the drama made from a novel.

"I do not believe a good play ever has been made from a book," said Galsworthy. "I don't know of any. Do you?"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin?"

"Or East Lynne?" he returned smiling.

The sunset dipped into the quiet livingroom, lighting the flowers on the table.

"It is quiet here, isn't it?" he said, following the thought. "We like it. Not exactly a refuge but away from the world."

The questions about his plays and their fairness to life remained unasked. Possibly the author answered it as he stood at the little iron gate, looking up the peaceful, dark lane, as he said:

"After all, writing for the theatre demands a distinct style. It is a curiously artificial medium, isn't it? It tempts one so to write just confections."

"But you have resisted it."

"Yes, I think I've resisted it as yet." A pause. A quiet voice. "I hope I shall continue to resist it." A handshake. "Good-bye."

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Mineralava acts directly through the pores on this growing under-skin. It builds up the tiny muscles, restores the vitality to the tissues; stimulates a healthy circulation of the blood; corrects "skin-malnutrition" of no matter how long standing; and so nourishes the under-skin that it is ready when the time comes to take its place in the perfect complexion, new-born and beautiful.

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FLEURS D'AMOUR

EAST OF SUEZ

(*Continued from page* 384)

are nothing any more. I love you and you love me. . . . I know no duty, only love . . . I want you, I want you.

GEORGE: Don't, don't . . . I love you with all my heart and soul. I'll never see you again. Never. Never. So help me God.

She stands weeping as though her heart would break. His face is distorted with agony as he goes slowly toward the gate. As Daisy hears the bolt drawn she cries out and falls headlong in a dead faint. He rushes to her. Slowly she opens her eyes and as he raises her to her feet she is erect in his arms. She puts her arms around his neck and offers him her lips. He kisses her and she closes her eyes in ecstacy.

DAISY: Take me in. (*He lifts her up and carries her into the house*).

The Amah enters and bolts the gate. She laughs.

AMAH: Hi, hi!

Act IV. The Anderson's apartment. Daisy is lying on day bed, reading a letter. The Amah is urging Daisy to divorce Harry, or suggests that Harry might divorce her if he got hold of George's letters. Lee Tai calls. He tells her he is always waiting and that she is always in his power. He says George has booked passage for Vancouver. Daisy sends Wu to steamship office to learn if this is true.

LEE: . . What have you to do with white men? You are not a white woman. What power has this blood of your father when it's mingled with the tumultuous stream which you have inherited through your mother from innumerable generations? . . . You can wear European clothes and eat European food but in your heart you are a Chinawoman . . . Your soul is like a rice patch cleared in the middle of the jungle. All around the jungle hovers, watchful and jealous. One day . . . the jungle will take back its own. China is closing in on you . . . (*Against her will Daisy is strangely impressed by what he has said*).

Amah brings in telegram announcing Harry's arrival that evening. Wu returns and reports that George has engaged passage for Vancouver. Daisy flies into a rage and beats him on the face.

DAISY: You lie, you lie, you lie! . . I don't believe it, oh, my God, I can't think! (*Lee hands her a cup of tea, which she takes and throws in his face*).

DAISY: Get out of here, or I'll kill you.

LEE: You forget, sometimes, the manners that were taught you at that elegant school in England . . . I told you I should not have to wait long. . . Did I not tell you that the white man's love was weak and vacillating?

DAISY: He's loved me for ten years . . . He'll come back . . . And when he comes it'll be for good . . .

LEE: (*Very quietly*). He's going to be married to Miss Sylvia Knox. (*Daisy springs at him and seizes his throat*).

DAISY: That's a lie. That's a lie. Take it back, you pig.

Lee says the Chinese all know, and Daisy calls Amah, who swears she heard Knox say George and Sylvia were going to make a match of it. Daisy's face is distorted with rage and jealousy. She gives a cruel, malicious chuckle and goes to Korean chest, takes out George's letters and tells Lee to give them to Harry the moment he steps off the train. George calls and Daisy reproaches him for staying away so long. He says he had done a vile thing and has been tortured by thought of it ever since.

DAISY: Would it seem so vile were it not for Sylvia? . .

GEORGE: I do think it is because she is so loyal and good and straight that I saw so clearly what a cad I was.

DAISY: Are you sure this admiration of yours isn't love?

GEORGE: I'm not fit to love her.

DAISY: If you asked her to marry you, she'd accept . . .

GEORGE: (*Finality*). I'm not going to ask her.

He says he is sailing to get away from his torture and that he is sailing alone. She suddenly remembers the letters and tells him that Lee Tai, mad with jealousy, had broken open the box and sent the letters to Harry.

GEORGE: . . He'll probably divorce you and then—

DAISY: That's it—or George, *perhaps we can get him to let me divorce him* . . . That will avoid scandal for your friends. *I* don't mind—and it would make it so much easier for you. (*He searches her eyes and sees the scheme*). George, George, you wouldn't leave — leave me — would you?

GEORGE: (*Urbanely*). Of course, I'll marry you. (*He grows suspicious and wonders how Lee knew she had letters or where she kept them, and how he knew Harry was in Kalgan. He asks if she has sent the letters to Harry, herself, and finally forces the truth from her*).

DAISY: He told me you were engaged to Sylvia . . . In my rage I gave him

(*Continued on page* 414)

Miss Violet Heming who played in the all-star cast revival of "The Rivals"

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EAST OF SUEZ

(*Concluded from page* 412)

the letters . . . (*Violently*). Do you think I'm going to let you marry that English girl? Has it never struck you how you came to be wounded that night? It wasn't you they wanted. It was Harry . . . Yes, I could do even that. I only wish it had succeeded . . . You're mine, mine, mine, and I'll never let you go.

GEORGE: Do you think I can ever look at you again without horror? In my heart I've known always that you were evil. I've loved you, yes, but with the baser part of me . . What do you think our life can be together? Don't you know what I shall be? Ruined and hopeless . . .

DAISY: We'll go to some city where there are no white men. We'll have a house high up on the bank and below us the river will flow, flow endlessly.

GEORGE: Everlastingly.

DAISY: . . I'm so tired. I want endless days to rest in with you. What is the matter? You look so strange.

GEORGE: I was thinking of the endless days we'd have to rest in.

DAISY: If you like you needn't marry me. George, I'll be your mistres your slave . . .

GEORGE: You wouldn't mind if myself to a drink, will you? Whiskey's in the dining isn't it? (*He exits. Daisy g chest and takes out the Manchu and headdress. There is the sou a door being locked and then t port of a pistol. Daisy shriek rushes to the diningroom door*).

DAISY: George, George! (*runs in from courtyard*). What you done? . . He's killed hi sooner—sooner than—

AMAH: (*Knock*). There's come now . . . Me bolt outer He must come round through t We slip out when he come. Le waiting for you.

DAISY: Did you know this happen? Bolt that door! Turn lights. Now leave me . . .

HARRY: Open, will you, or I'll it down. Open, I tell you. Ope

DAISY: China is closing in upo (*Lee appears*).

CURTAIN

THE FOREIGN DIRECTOR INVADES AMERICA

(*Concluded from page* 369)

Komisarjevsky the man is his simplicity, so the same trait rules all his work for the stage. Neither slavishly conservative nor extravagantly radical, he has tried apparently to seize the best of both old and new and mold it all into a new unity. Whatever he does, he simplifies. His training on his tiny Moscow stage intensified what I believe is an instinctive characteristic. For instance, one of his favorite devices is an extremely deep false proscenium—deep enough, in fact, for one door or several—which effectually masks the fly galleries from even the first row. Behind this false proscenium he is fond of throwing simply a single back curtain suggesting an outdoor horizon or an indoor wall. His characters, however, play mostly under the false proscenium or even in front of it.

That, at least, was his manner and method in Moscow, and whatever he develops in New York under the stimulating association with Lee Simonson and the others of the Guild, will ably be related more or less re to that manner and method.

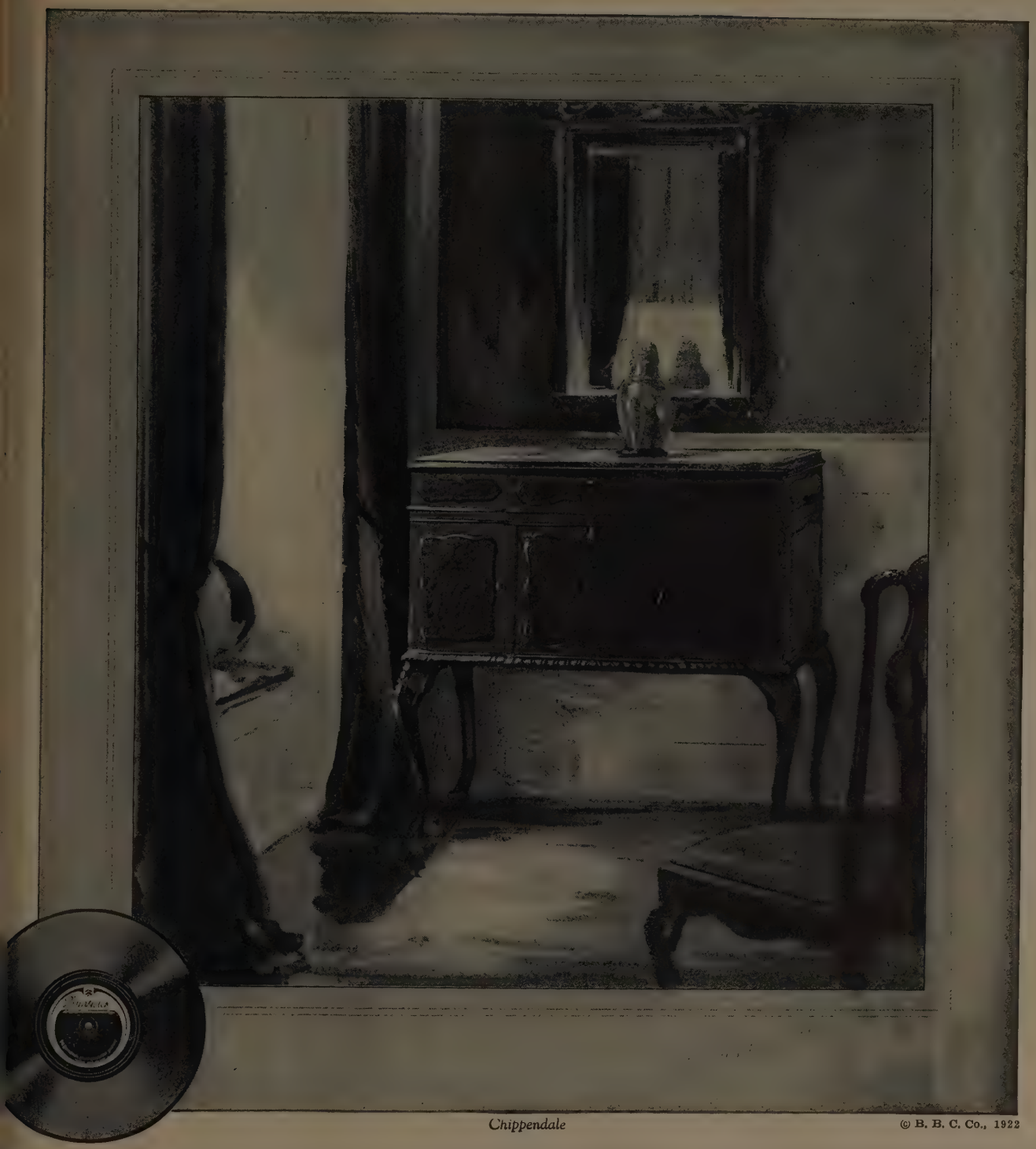
It will be interesting in any c compare and contrast his work that of his other fellow-countr on Broadway and beyond. The already includes the bulbous and his Chauve-Souris on the Ce Roof under the sponsorship of M Gest; the restive Ben-Ami, eag return to the stage in "The My ous Tales of Hoffman"; Roerich Anisfeld—not to mention Ba artists, Soudeikine and Remi among scene designers; the gi genius of Chaliapin, soon due turn to the Metropolitan; the R Opera Company in the provinces finally The Moscow Art Th Europe's premier playhouse, sche to join Balieff under the Gest ba in January. It is a Russian s in Gotham. Who is there left in cow, anyhow?

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

The amazing ease and sympathy of Virginia Rea's coloratura has a soothing charm to ears often assailed by forced staccati and sophisticated floridity. Here is a voice of melting quality which scales the heights with an almost impish delight, technique reaches oblivion in such mastery of its difficulties. "Lo! Hear The Gentle Lark" and "The Lass With The Delicate Air" are particularly suited to Miss Rea's gifts.

Moszkowski's "Spanish Dance" and "Extase" by Ganne, played b Elshuco Trio are given with a rhythmic subtlety and delica shading for which this organizat noted.

John Barclay, the young E baritone, has recently become a clusive Brunswick artist, and his recordings, "I Love A Little Co and "Friend O' Mine" show quality of voice and musical u standing.



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BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

THE NUGENTS CHARM BROADWAY

(*Continued from page* 388)

opposite her husband in all his sketches and but for an illness would have appeared in "Kempy"—through all her twenty years of life on the stage. A good wife, a good mother, a good housekeeper, a good cook, she hung out her flag, a clean kitchen apron, and none of the taint of theatrical life, its slipshod manners or vagabond morals, ever touched her home. No, she isn't the ballad type of mother with tired, patient eyes. There are a few silver locks among her gold, but there are no wrinkles; she has the trim plumpness of a young matron and her round blue eyes are fresh and frank as a young girl's.

"Mother's name isn't on the program," says Mr. Nugent, "but without any cant or sentimentalism, I want to say that what we are and have done is due to Mother. She started it by marrying me thirty years ago, though her family were pretty firm against actors, and she's stuck by me ever since. She taught Ruth and Elliott all they know about life and acting and what's good for 'em to eat. She was always my partner in vaudeville until three years ago the road got too strenuous for her and I started doing my monologue. But for her, there wouldn't have been any 'Kempy.' You see, one evening a couple of years ago, when I was getting re to go on tour, I said: 'The plays written don't seem to be the th but I believe I could stay in N York a while, Mother, if I could w out an idea I've got—' The n morning, Mother made me get up eight o'clock and start right at In two days, I had turned out first two acts. A couple of mo later, when I was playing Chic Elliott was there in 'Dulcy.' Toget with him lying on the bed and m the one easy chair they allot you hotel bedrooms, we worked out last act. When I got back to N York, Mother thought it was a g play and started me out to find producer. That script was pedd to every office on Broadway. A y ago it was tried out in Harrisb The play went well but everybody a lot of suggestions. Elliott an took 'em. We re-wrote and re-w till we lost our viewpoint entir This season I got Richard Hern interested and we decided to prod it together. Well, Augustin Dun our director, who had seen the draft, and Mother—they both said play was all right the first time. we hunted up the original scrip the one they all turned down— that's how the Nugent fa arrived!"

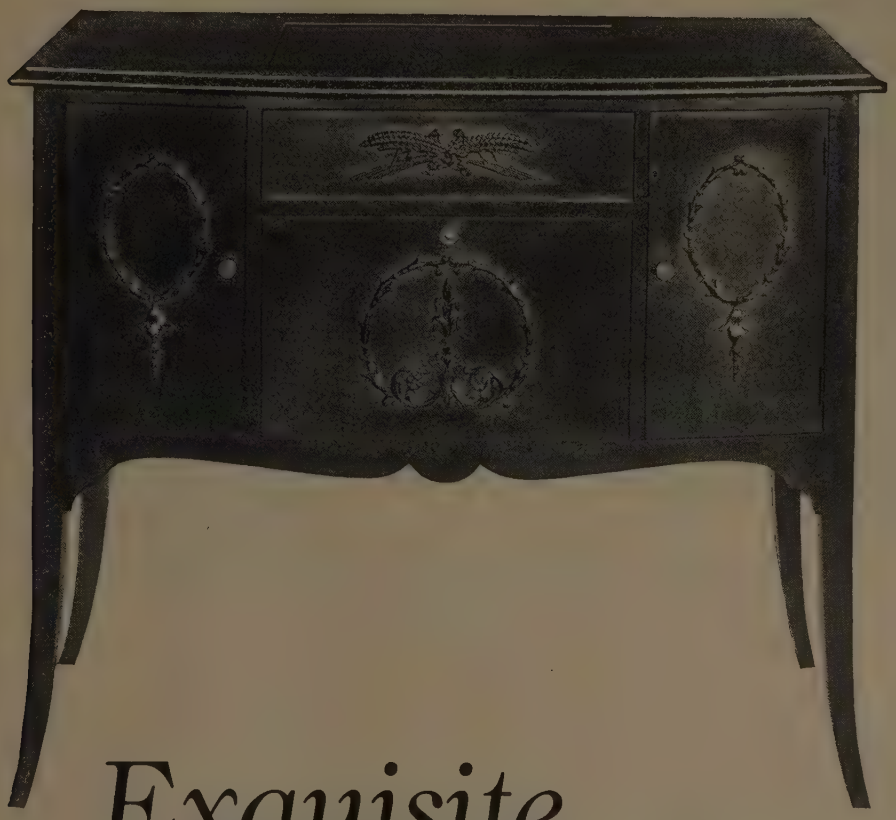
FOREIGN LETTERS

(*Continued from page* 378)

Theatre at Bologna. The first play of this program was Batty-Weber's "Le Lasso," a study of life in a typical small industrial city in the provinces. The author is a resident of the Principality of Luxembourg and interest attached to the work as being that of a foreigner who nevertheless wrote French as his native tongue—not as did D'Annunzio in "San Sebastien" and Wilde in "Salomé." The story concerns the efforts of a young business man to create for himself a chosen career and to separate himself entirely from the life and relations of the parental home. By a series of family misfortunes and misdeeds and by the complication of his love fo young woman inextricably involved family attachments of her own, h constantly drawn back into the ci The play ends logically with the cide of the protagonist at the cl of the second act; but for some son the author has added a third in which the hero recovers from attempt at self-destruction and peacefully united to the heroine. theme is pushed a little beyond point of probability in several pla but there is some good naturali dialogue. It is probable that mos the succeeding plays in the OEu program will far outrank this on

A SATURDAY THEATRE FOR CHILDRE

A REAL theatre for children has been inaugurated in New York at the Lexington Theatre, Lexington Avenue at Fifty-first Street. Here every Saturday afternoon programs will be given by actors of the Threshold Playhouse of fairy stories, plays, stories, dances and pantomimes as well as dramatizations of such books as "The Wizard of Oz" and "Alice in Wonderland." No member of the audience may be less than seven ye old, nor more than fifteen. The th tre will seat two hundred kidd Performances begin at 2:15 ev Saturday during the season. One ture of the theatre, which is the of its sort, is the modest cost of scription to the entire season. Li more than three dollars is charged one ticket to all of the three diffe programs.



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PEARLS

THE MIRRORS OF STAGELAND

(*Continued from page 386*)

isn't it, that everyone of the Barrymores has missed the goal of individual ambition. Circumstances forced them to take up the family "trade." Not one of them wanted to be an actor. Ethel longed to be a concert pianiste. The family fortunes did not permit the long and expensive education preliminary to that career. Lionel studied painting in Paris. He and his wife who used to be Doris Rankin, lived in the Latin Quarter. But rent has to be paid and clothes must be worn and paid for and humans have a vulgar but irresistible desire for food. So one by one the Barrymores reluctantly came before the footlights, and not too willingly have stayed. The "not too willingly" applies especially to Jack.

I remember well when Jack was beginning to draw. He had no studio but worked in his sister's room, at Helen Windsor's theatrical boarding house at 61 West Thirty-sixth Street, across the street from the Lambs Club. Evelyn Nesbit was one of his first models. When the Thaw trial for the murder of Stanford White was on, Jack was subpoenaed as a witness, but for some reason he did not testify.

He looked then much as he does now. He has a lion's share of the Barrymore beauty. His father, Maurice Barrymore, was a matinee idol of another generation. John has the straight nose, the large Irish eyes, and the atmosphere of half melancholy, that all the Barrymores have.

He hasn't his Uncle Jack's meticulousness in dress. John Drew been the mould of fashion an glass of form, or something like for two generations of playgoers. Barrymore, who was named aft mother's brother, John Drew, his clothes easily and with less ence for appearances. A relic student days, I suppose. For at he's an incurable Bohemian. Li a house down in Greenwich Vi you know. His wife—that dark, some woman with him—gives thought to attire. She inclines to the severe, mannish modes fo street. Malcolm Strauss rather ly inquired one day whether she got up first and got Jack's clo But there was one costume in wh made a sartorial hit. It was he played "The Jester" and wo green tights. Those green caused the resurrection of an e type, the matinee girl.

No, he hasn't much reverenc clothes. There's something else does not awe him. That is the "There's a lot of bunk talked abo art of the theatre," I heard hi "The truth is it's just one way man to make a living."

He's happiest when a long en ment is drawing to a close. No through taste but through the f that not being too strong resu these days. "Hamlet" will kee on the boards longer than "Rich Not so exacting. No back-bre falls to make which call for repairs at Muldoon's.

COSTUMES AT OBERAMMERGAU

THIS year's expenditure for costumes at Oberammergau is said to have totalled more than 90,000 marks. While this sum is not so huge as it sounds, by reason of the depreciated mark, yet it amounts to a considerable item for the villagers, and represents only a part of the great expense of producing the Passion Play.

Owing to the great scarcity of material, dyes and so forth, much that did duty in 1910 is being used this summer. Probably few in the audiences noted the difference, ever, and certainly the cost was one of the marvels of the wo ful performances. No two gar seemed alike, and elaborate as all were, there was nothing in the degree bizarre or unsuitable. amount mentioned is said to have contributed in one sum by a ge friend of Oberammergau from a country.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Geraldine Farrar has a charming record among the new Victor releases. *"Si mes vers avaient des ailes"* (Were My Song With Wings Provided) is a French concert song of an exquisite and cameo-like purity of style, with all the traditions of the old French minstrelsy. Sung against the harp, it is absolutely free from vocal display, with long, sustained, level phrases and voice-color. Altogether this record is of the music of pure lyricism and sheer beauty.

John McCormack's worth and power as a great artist are not always fully revealed by his more "popular" utterances. In November he produces a record which shows him as an interpreter of music with high and serious intents. *"Oh Sleep! Why Doest Thou Leave Me?"* from Handel's secular oratorio *"Semele"* is a number demanding great technical skill as well as breadth of feeling. It is slow, and contains difficult spo cluding a long trill in the first p

Paderewski's latest Victor Rec one of the more familiar Chopin positions. A set of variations, number, on the theme of an old song, *"The Maiden's Wish"* Polonais) is in a waltz-like rhyth troduced by a rippling theme broken up, here and there, by pected cadenzas. Probably mor anything else this record exhibi quicksilver-like brilliancy of ewski's tone.

The rôle of *Boris Godounow* of the great dramatic presentati the time and is also considered culiarly Chaliapin's "own." November record of the solem at the moment of Boris' deat attract great attention.

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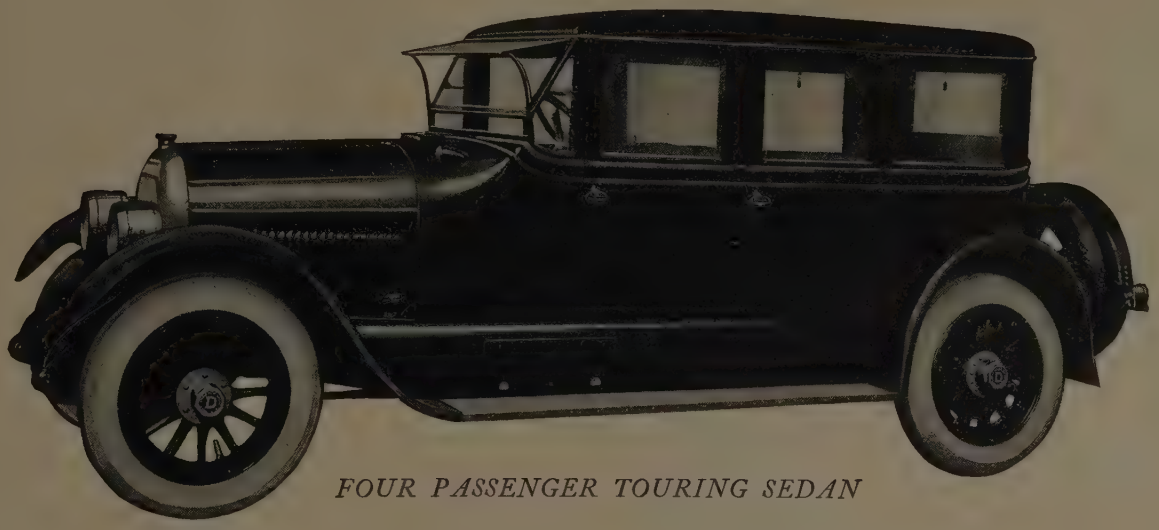

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 377*)

The Fool

A new drama by Channing Pollock produced October 23 at the Times Square Theatre by the Selwyns with the following cast:

Mrs. Henry Gilliam, Maude Truax; "Dilly" Gilliam, Rea Martin; Mrs. Thornbury, Tracy L'Engle; Mr. Barnaby, George Wright; Mrs. Tice, Lillian Kemble; "Jerry" Goodkind, Lowell Sherman; Rev. Everett Wadham, Arthur Elliot; Clare Jewett, Pamela Gaythorne; George F. Goodkind, Henry Stephenson; "Charlie" Benfield, Robert Cummings; Daniel Gilchrist, James Kirkwood; A Poor Man, Frank Sylvester; A Servant, George Le Soir; Max Stedtman, Geoffrey Stein; Joe Hennig, Rollo Lloyd; Umanski, Fredrik Vogeding; "Grubb," Arthur Elliott; Mack, Frank Sylvester; Mary Margaret, Sara Sothern; Pearl Hennig, Adrienne Morrison.

A ROUTINE melodrama "of the spirit" is this latest work by that capable scene-maker, Channing Pollock. There is nothing new in dramatics about a character who wishes to live the Christ-life and has a villainous time doing it. The theme appeals by reason of its sure theatrical flavor and almost any series of incidents hung upon it are certain of respectful attention. Moreover, if the incidents are adequately swift and dramatic they are rewarded with a measure of appreciation that approaches open-mouthed wonder, unless one has seen the same thing essayed many times in the theatre and worn thread-bare with use. The miraculous can become the maudlin, and the sublimest of truths sententious and tiresome if they are put forward often enough. This is especially true when the putting forward is attended by an attitude on the part of those responsible of having launched something very great and immensely courageous. Mr. Pollock, through all of "The Fool" stands in deep awe at his own sudden discovery of the principles laid down by the Christian doctrine and, more particularly, of the fact that capital treats labor shamefully. There is nothing more of the new or the courageous in "The Fool" than just that. In 1904, the same play might have been a sensation in every respect. Today it may make a great deal of money, not because it is a great play nor even a good play, but because the estimable Pollock has written enough sure-fire stuff to know that even in doing "the play he had been waiting to write" he must not lose sight of the good old hokum.

James Kirkwood, the picture actor, as the young pastor who, wishing to live after the Saviour, gets into trouble with a capitalistic congregation, gives a highly satisfactory performance. Sincerity and directness give to many of his lines a truth and plausibility that the bombastic or self-consciously virtuous would have destroyed. If he is a fair example of the motion-picture actor set loose on the stage, then I'm for sending all Broadway to Hollywood and all Hollywood to Br way! Otherwise, the performa are creditable but not startling. cept for a little girl named Sothern who is outstandingly fine lame girl whose faith brings he walk.

The Last Warning

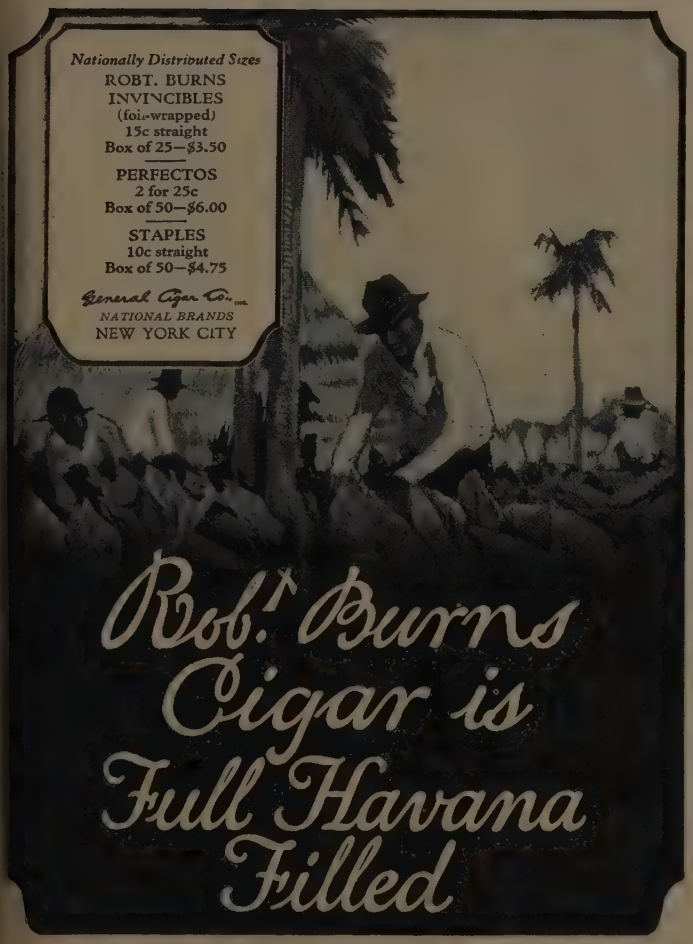
A melodrama by Thomas F. Fa produced October 24 by Mindlin Goldreyer at the Klaw Theatre, the following cast:

Josiah Bunce, Worthington L. Rom Gene, Irene Homer; Robert Bunce, Cla Derwent; Arthur McHugh, William C leigh; Richard Quaile, Charles Trowbri Tommy Wall, Victor R. Beecroft; Brody, Bert E. Chapman; Evelynda don, Marion Lord; Dolly Lymken, Mason; Harvey Carlton, Albert Bar Tyler Wilkins, James Hughes; Bar Morgan, Ann Winslow; Jeffreys, John Moore; "Mac," John Hall; Joseph By Dewey Robinson.

AN astonishingly fine melodra this piece by an unknown au given light of day by unknown ducers. Astonishingly fine, in bein once a technical masterpiece of sort and capable of ensnaring the excitement of even that type of that found "The Bat" and "The and the Canary" pretty dull s In fact, "The Last Warning" so out-classes these last-named thril as to be worthy of somewhat be adulation than mere comparison them.

Mr. Fallon possesses no small t trical genius. His piece works out one single creak; it posse movement without strain, which is of the most difficult achievement the creation of mystery melodrama At no point do we catch the au asking himself, "What'll I curdle t blood with now?" It is a masterp of the unforced and, incidentally, closes imaginative possibilities in matter of up-to-date melodramat tion that makes other recent vent in similar fields seem like the st blings of a child. "The Last Warni is alive with audacious exciteme it scared me to death.

Mr. Fallon's play owes something its story to a novel called "The Ho of Fear" by Wadsworth Camp. G erally, it tells the tale of a haun theatre where the spook of a for owner-manager still lingers in flies, hotly resentful that his quond glory should be marred by a revi of his greatest success under the di tion of other hands than his. W the old gentleman does by way rebellion is most extraordinary. fore the evening is done one's has been thoroughly raised and o wits utterly congealed by a su series of spiritualistic offensives. cast is excellent and the many chanical effects are handled almost incredible efficiency.



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THE ROMANCE OF OLD DROP CURTAINS

By William Bartlett Reynolds

ITS sheen gleaming softly in the dim light "back stage" of the Hudson Theatre, a treasured souvenir, there hangs the picturesque old drop curtain from Daly's Theatre, that beautiful stretch of wine colored silk, rich in dignified tradition, bearing within a medallion the monogram "A. D." surrounded by roses embroidered in silk. With the demolition of the historic playhouse the curtain, in common with numerous other mementos of the Augustin Daly and Ada Rehan regime, was offered for sale to a little circle of possible buyers, certain to appreciate the sentimental value of the offerings.

A pageant of drop curtains, grave and gay, old and new, good and bad, throngs the mind of the chronic theatregoer, led by that legend-draped sheet from Daly's!

Earlier curtains were more ambitious and elaborate, pictorially, given to depicting scenes, a bit floridly, from the Shakespeare plays and oftimes the Greek and Elizabethan classics. That at old Niblo's Garden, for instance, pictured a scene from the third act of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Titania seated upon a flowering knoll, Bottom by her side, the while fairies, a bit buxom, whirled about them.

With the numerous changes in the managements and policies of the theatres, inevitable with the years, however, these ambitious efforts underwent alterations at once startling and incongruous. On tour one encountered specimens unusual and amusing. It was not uncommon to find a curtain, designed ambitiously when the theatre was first opened, with the Bard's quotations boldly interrupted in spots to make way for the announcement that laundry left at Smith's before 9.00 A. M. would be returned the same day or the promise that Cooler's Chop Suey Sundaes could be obtained at the adjoining drug store between the acts. Such "advertising curtains" fortunately are becoming less common, except in the most benighted one-nighters.

The curtain at the Broadway Theatre, when it was given over to "legitimate" attractions, appeared to be one of a stencilled lot, so frequently did one encounter its mates. The smirking bride, pictured thereon alighting from her coach with the aid of the fingertips of her rather fragile and lacy escort, while rows of happy servants stood awaiting to welcome her on the porch of a magnificent mansion, unfurled to the gaze of Broadway Theatre patrons for so many seasons, had a rival in a like monstrosity called, if I remember rightly, "The Return from the Masked Ball." This awful effort was on view in countless theatres in the nineties, the curtain apparently being turned out by the dozen by a firm of New York scene painters. One still does duty, I believe, in the Castle Square Theatre, now the Arlington, in Boston. It pictures a motley group of wooden revellers coming away from an imposing chateau at dawn, garbed in garments weird and wondrous. It was met as frequently as that waving field of brilliant carnations, row upon row, picturesquely gowned girls dotting the landscape here and there, captioned "Gathering Carnations for Blank's Perfumes, Neufchatel, France." One such spread across the huge prosceni-um of the Boston Theatre some years ago, but was replaced when the Keith vaudeville interests took over the playhouse.

The Boston Athenaeum curtain pictures a stage coach wildly careening around the curve in a country road, while a yokel or two stand beside the railing of the nearby rustic bridge gaping in its train. The curtain, since the theatre has become the "home of refined burlesque," is not in use and but once each year, during the Summer cleaning, is dropped in its swirl of dust, then run again aloft, where doubtless it muses, as from below there comes the sound of Irish or Hebrew comedian or catarrhal prima donna, on the wondrous nights it rose and fell in response to applause for Roland Rede, Modjeska, Janauschek, the Vokes group and the Davenports.

In Boston, too, there hung in the old Grand Opera House, and still hangs, I believe, "A Feast at the House of Lucullus." For the doubtful pleasure of the assembled guests, gluttons all seemingly, reclining amid mounds of viands and fountains of wine, a young lady, perhaps from the "Follies" of her day, is dancing, her left arm swinging by her side, her right held aloft above her head as she whirls. Anatomically the young person is preposterous, for if she dropped her right arm, so warped was the artist's sense of proportion, it would trail on the ground beside her!

A few doors away on Washington Street, at the corner of Dover, stood the old "Grand Dime," later the "Hub." Here, indeed, was a gay view presented to patrons, to gaze upon enviously before it swung skyward. It was the "Saloon of the Fall River Liner, 'Priscilla', (or was it the 'Puritan'?) en route, Boston to New York." Down an imposing staircase sauntered aristocratic couples, the ladies gowned gorgeously, small of waist, enormous of sleeve, long of trailing skirt. At the foot of the grand staircase a large orchestra played, while fawning, servile flunkeys passed swiftly among the gay throng anticipating every wish of the haughty passengers. It really was imposing to the youthful playgoer gaping from the balcony, awaiting its rise upon the newest thriller of Mr. Blaney or Mr. Woods. Only since more sophisticated years has it occurred to us that a more fitting title would have been "High Life on the Sound."

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THE BEST PLAYS OF 1921-1922, AND THE YEAR BOOK OF THE DRAMA IN AMERICA, *By Burns Mantle,* (Dram. Critic of *The New York Evening Mail*), SMALL, MAYNARD & Co.

IN this volume we are given first of all the ten best plays of the past season which comprise "Anna Christie," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Dulcy," "He Who Gets Slapped," "Six Cylinder Love," "The Hero," "The Dover Road," "Ambush," "The Circle," "The Nest." Just why Mr. Mantle culls these particular plays from among the 196 productions of the season 1921-22—"of which 130 came within the scope of this work"—he tells in an interesting introduction, and interesting introductions and forewords are always one of the most precious features, we feel, of these volumes of plays. To his introduction Mr. Mantle has added a summary of "The Season in New York," in which he lists all of the plays produced, and sub-titles them with the cleverest of qualifying phrases that sum humorously their various flavors and atmospheres and attendant circumstances. For succinctness with vividness this summary is an achievement. And for good measure there is included "The Season in Chicago," by O. L. Hall, dramatic editor of the *Chicago Journal,* to show where Chicago confirms in the main, and where she digresses, from the judgments passed by New York's playgoing public. Moreover, lest there be any least lack in the sum total of his offering, Mr. Mantle contributes at the end of his book a paragraph "scenario" of each of the plays mentioned in his 1921-22 season, and gives the original cast of characters, to say nothing of a "statistical summary" and a "Where and When they were born." Altogether an invaluable book for those desiring compact and accurate information on the theatrical temperature of today, and especially valuable for the prospective playwright.

A TREASURY OF PLAYS FOR WOMEN, Edited by FRANK SHAY. LITTLE, BROWN & Co. So far as we are aware, though Mr. Shay modestly refrains from making any claim of the sort, this is the first book of its kind to appear. That is, it is the first collected volume of plays whose casts, large and small, are either ent made up of women, or whose can plausibly be assumed by wo The latter would be the case, fo stance, in Edna St. Vincent Mil beautiful play "The Lamp and Bell," written for an all-girl cast produced at Vassar College in summer of 1921; or in Clarice Cauley's "Conflict," Maeterli "Death of Tintagiles," and A Kreymborg's "Manikin and Mini which require boys, "a character even in legitimate theatres is us given to a woman." The only that might be a possible exce and reasonably demand a real for the part would be Eugene O'N "Before Breakfast," which was pu by the Provincetown Players abou years ago, and in which, amusi enough, the part of Alfred was t by Eugene O'Neill himself. Alfred never appears in person o stage and one is made aware o physical presence in the dra offing only by a "muffled, yaw groan from the next room," a "s exclamation of pain," or a "beaut sensitive hand," reaching in to scene for a bowl of water.

The volume is somewhat in the ture of a triumph. For the plays might come within the classifica of this treasury are limited in num as the Editor found when he bega assemble them. That is to say, t were plenty of so-called plays, sions requiring only women to but, written for girls' schools or day schools, they were neither matic nor interesting. "The min the average dramatist deals only conflicts that have both men women as principals"—a condi after all rather to be expected. the more power to Mr. Shay then he has been able to make so fine comprehensive a collection. There eighteen plays in all, with such na as August Strindberg, Christo Morley, Eugene O'Neill, Maeterl and Alice Gerstenberg in the line and each has been subjected to test of dramatic intensity, emoti truth and literary worth. As volume stands, therefore, it is Editor's belief, and we entirely co with him, that it contains the plays its field affords.

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THE LAND WHERE THE GOOD DREAMS GROW

(*Continued from page* 396)

POET:
Go on, Babette, and tell the whole,
Remember truth hath not a hiding-place
From me within these mountain fastnesses.
BABETTE:
She said the mountains, then, had robbed you of your wits, that like poor Cedric you did run all day after the phantoms of your own disordered brain—
POET: (*Chuckling*)
Go on, Babette, Dame Rachel spoke more shrewdly than she knew.
BABETTE: (*In awestruck whisper*)
She said she doubted not that for some past misdeed
A pack of *sins* forever you must bear!
POET:
O *pious* Rachel, how *Janet* would relish her philosophy!
BABETTE:
Janet, who is she?
POET:
She's just a virtuous woman who has taken o'er
The task of keeping me in paths of industry.
BABETTE: (*Impatiently*)
But, the pack, is it heavy, today?
POET: (*Patting it tenderly*)
'Tis very light, I've had a *most profitable day!*
BABETTE: (*Coaxingly*)
Let me see!
POET:
I doubt if you can see the garnered treasures
Of my gypsy hours—they're thin as gossamer.
(*He opens the pack just a little way and Babette peeps eagerly*)
BABETTE:
But *some of them have wings!*
POET: (*Proudly, as he closes pack*)
O, you should see them *when they fly!*
(*He looks about and rises hastily*)
I'm late again, O what a drubbing I will get.
The supper waits, and there's the evening chores—
The cow and hens will be disconsolate.
And Janet—she will be a stony monument
Of grief—Hasten Babette, the night falls soon,
The evening shadows must not find you here.
(*He hastens away and Babette looks after him wistfully*)
BABETTE: (*Calls after him*)
Will she not smile to see the pretty things
You bring, and bid you show her how they fly?
POET:
She'll *never see* them, for I keep them *hid.*
(*As he goes off stage he sings, merrily once more the vagrant's song.*)
O, somebody's sad, and somebody's mad,
And somebody else doesn't care:
But why should we grieve when joy's to be had
Out on the little road anywhere.
No time to worry, no time to fret,
The sun is flushing the Western ways,
And we'll take to the road till the sun has set,
These glorious gypsy days.
(*Babette stands watching eagerly, wistfully, the glow of sunset fades and shadows lengthen.*)
SCENE 2—(*As before—Babette leans against a boulder and looks wistfully after the poet, strains of his song come echoing back.*)
Enter CEDRIC, the mountain simpleton. He is tall, thin and uncouth. He is dressed in rough shepherd costume and wears a cap with a red feather set jauntily upon his head. He is very intent upon some curious noises he is producing from an improvised flute. As he blows upon this hollow stalk sleepy bird twitters are heard all about. He blows on while the orchestra plays soft strains of bird-song.
He sees Babette.
CEDRIC: (*Gruffly*)
You'd best be off—I see you there spying upon Cedric at his work!
BABETTE: (*Laughing*)
Your work, Cedric! Of all the men upon the mountain here you do the least.
CEDRIC: That's parson's tale — he scolds at Mother, bids her see that I am put to tasks from morn till night. (*Looks craftily about*)
They do not know that Cedric's work of all men's hereabout is mightiest and could least be spared. O don't you wish you knew what Cedric does at evening when he steals away, and in the early dawn while others snore?
BABETTE:
Tell me, Cedric.
CEDRIC:
You'll babble it, girls always do.
BABETTE: (*Crossly*)
The "Old Man of the Mountains" did not fear to trust a girl, he let me peep into his pack.
CEDRIC:
That's naught—a sack of dreams!

(*Continued on page* 428)

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THE LAND WHERE THE GOOD DREAMS GROW

(*Continued from page 426*)

BABETTE:
But they were *beautiful,* and some will *fly!*
CEDRIC: (*Swelling up proudly*)
Cedric makes things fly.
(*Distrustfully*)
You'll tell.
BABETTE:
Cross my heart and hope to die!
CEDRIC: (*Slyly*)
'Tis Cedric puts the birds to bed!
They wait for him at evening-time
And in the morning he must go
So early to the forest or they sleep
Too late. He makes them sing and fly.
Now I must hurry or the birds will be so cross, tis past their time.
And you must run, this is no place for girls when night draws on.
BABETTE:
If I could only find one dream like his before I go!
CEDRIC: (*Craftily*)
Cedric knows where the good dreams grow.
BABETTE: O, tell me where.
CEDRIC:
You are a baby-girl, you'd blubber at the dark!
BABETTE: I'm not a baby-girl and I am not afraid.
CEDRIC: (*Grasping her arm and whispering cautiously*)
Just wait here till the Sand-Man comes, you must follow till his bag is empty, then he goes home. Cedric goes sometimes and see the gates of Dreamland open wide.
Good-bye, little girl, you'll be *afraid!*
(*Cedric goes out playing once more upon his flute—Again the strains of sleepy bird-songs are heard, they grow fainter and fainter then die away. Babette sinks down upon the knoll to wait. The shadows deepen.*)
Enter TWILIGHT—Solo dancer
The Twilight is a beggar-maid,
In tattered cloak and old,
Who comes to town when the day is done,
Creeping along as one afraid.
She has stuck a rose in her gypsy hair,
A rose that the day let fall,
We had not known she was so fair,
So lithesome and so tall.
(*Descriptive lines*)
TWILIGHT is followed by a chorus of EVENING SHADOWS.
(*Evening Shadows wear flowing draperies of soft gray with inner lining of amethyst, as they drift out darkness deepens.*)
(*Babette speaks softly to herself.*)
BABETTE:
I am not afraid, but it is lonely here,
How pleasantly the candle even now
Falls on the table where they wait for me!
But something moves within the shadows there
I will be still and listen.
(*A single FIREFLY darts in and out, then another, a third, and finally a whole chorus, in the Dance of the Fireflies.*)
(*The fireflies are dressed to fit into the surroundings as closely as possible, they carry small flash-lights by which their movements are distinguished—the stage is quite dark now. Babette crouches in her corner.*)
Enter EVENING STAR—Solo Dancer
The Evening Star's a timid child,
Who flutters coyly to her place,
And looks about uncertainly
Yet with a winsome grace.
(*Descriptive lines for interpretation of Evening Star.*)
(*Evening Star is all in pale gold—the stage brightens with her coming. Her dance expresses coyness, uncertainty, advance and retreat—note the trembling advent of the evening star.*)
BABETTE: (*Springs up joyfully*)
Why that's the same white star that nods and peeps
At me each night when on the steps till late I sit
To wonder at the glittering sky.
I need not fear
Beneath [illegible] cheerful friendly light.
Star-Light, Star-Bright,
First star I've seen tonight,
Wish I could
Wish I might
Find the dreams
I seek tonight.
EVENING STAR is followed by a chorus of MOONBEAMS.
Dance of the Moonbeams:
(*The Moonbeams are all in white or white and silver, they carry long scarfs which they use in their dance—the stage has now the silvery whiteness of moonlight upon it.*)
(*Approach SAND-MAN with his old brown bag. He is dressed in brown and moves with many strange and grotesque contortions. Babette watches and follows him stealthily from stage.*)
SCENE 3—Interlude
(*Interior—Steps at right leading to upper chambers. Enter SAND-MAN from left dancing grotesquely, he is walking backward and flinging sand from his bag. Following him are four and twenty tiny children, yawning,*

(*To be concluded in the January issue*)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August* 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1922, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York; Mrs. Georgine Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York; Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York; Mr. F. E. Allardt, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given: also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1922. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 649, Register's No. 3028. (Term expires March 30th, 1923).

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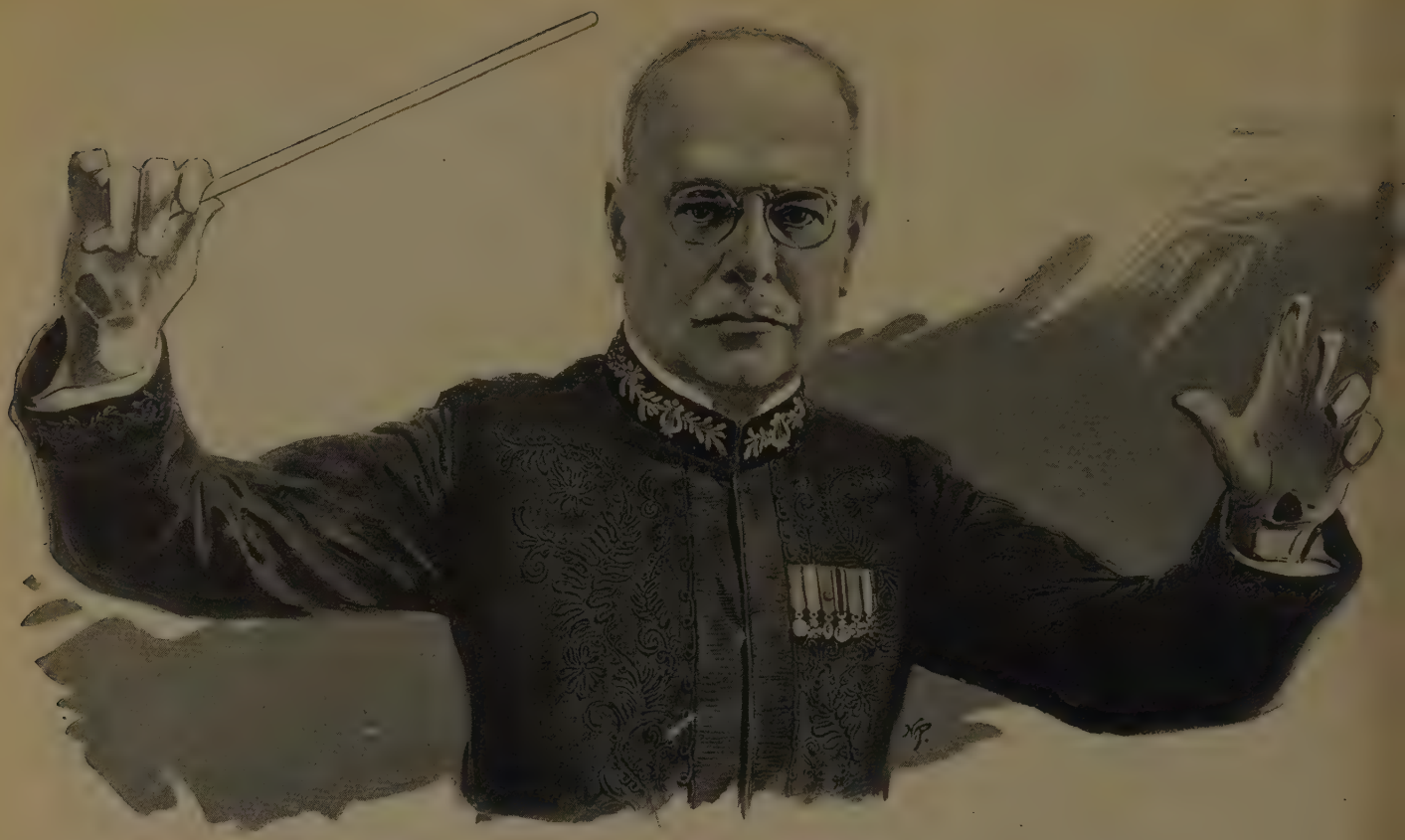

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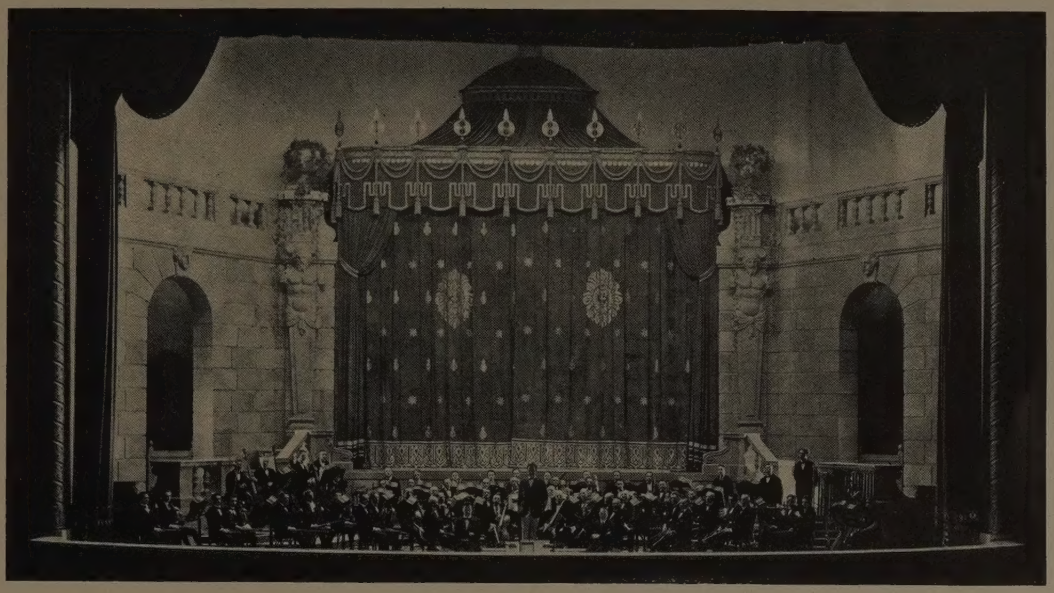

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: The "Ring of Critics"! What is it? Why is it? It is alleged to be a "terrible menace to the American theatre." The questions involved will be engagingly discussed by "one of the ring" in January THEATRE. The writer is one of the most noted daily reviewers in America ✠ An article on the much-heard-of radio which discusses its relation with and possible obstruction to the regular theatre—by Charles D. Isaacson, the noted radio-concert-meister ✠ A view of fashion as seen on the American stage by Paul Poiret, the great designer ✠ A new motion picture department starts in January—reviews and comments by an expert critic and picture-technician, Clayton Hamilton ✠ Other new departments and interesting features ✠ Not to mention wonderful pictures galore and a condensed version of Galsworthy's great play "Loyalties."

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